THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser. Copyright, 1937, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation is Expressly Forbidden.

Sunday, Dec. 19, 1937

Themes of the Operas by Andre

LOHENGRIN—THE SWAN SONG

SWEET Elsa of Brabant is accused by Frederick of Telramund and Ortrud, his wife, of making away with her brother Gottfried to possess his estates. The King declares the question must be settled by ordeal of battle. Elsa's champion must fight Telramund. But Elsa has no champion. At this moment Lohengrin appears in his boat drawn by a swan. He defeats Telramund and Elsa promises to marry him, but he says she must never ask his name. On the wedding day Ortrud teases Elsa into demanding her husband's name. He declares he is Lohengrin, a Knight of the Holy Grail, who must return to the Brotherhood if his identity is ever revealed. As Lohengrin leaves, the swan changes into Elsa's brother, Gottfried.

Hypnotize Your Way To Success, Says Scientist

SOME time ago in Chicago a murder convict nameo Harvey Church willed himself to sleep. He could not be awakened and had to be hanged while he slept. Once in a while somebody even commits mental suicide: that is, becomes a victim of the "will to die." Still others develop stigmata, or "automatic" wounds.

Such things have been taken to be remarkable exceptions to the normal powers of human beings. But now, from England's foremost University, comes a statement by the Director of the Institute of Experimental Psychology that anybody can hypnotize himself or herself, into doing the exceptional.

The director, Dr. William Brown, recently announced before his learned colleagues of Oxford University that in effect "what a man wills, that can he do," just as the old proverb so generously states. The limits to what man can do, his lecture indicated, appear to be more flexible than has been generally accepted. Of course, hypnotism has a more or less honorable tradition. At one time, before the use of anesthesia, it was used on patients who went under operations. But that such hypnotism is "self-starting" and can be self-administered was not so well known.

Hypnotism is, basically, an effort of the will to break the nerve circuits, during which time suggestion can be practiced. By putting himself under self-control, a person may be able to cure many ailments and solve many everyday problems, said Dr. Brown. And Oxford University has reason to accept Dr. Brown's researches in the realm of psychology, for he practices what he preaches and carries on research among the very students he teaches.

How can the mind cure its ailments by self-hypnotism? The way Dr. Brown puts it, it's all as "easy as pie." Almost anybody, he insists, can hypnotize himself, provided that care, deliberation and concentration are exercised. All that has to be done is to "concentrate your mind on a point on the far-distant horizon. Relax your muscles completely and start saying to yourself, 'I am getting drowsy'."

The Average Person, Says the British Scientist, Can Induce in Himself a Trance-like State and, in This Condition, Get in the Frame of Mind That Promotes Health and Success.

The best way to accept one's own hypnotism is to lie on a couch and breathe rhythmically, or to relax in a chair and stare steadily at one's eyes reflected in a mirror. In releasing the muscles, one begins with those of the toes and hands, and works up to the face and back which it is most important to have resting. The patient should lie thus quiet for a period of time ranging up to an hour. It is possible, in the trance-like state thus induced, to "visualize" personal success."

"While in this state," Dr. Brown indicates, "you must make suggestions to yourself of increased powers—such as you will have a good night's rest tonight, or you are going to make a speech tonight without stammering. You can do that without harm to yourself and with great benefit."

Although persons of certain pathological types, especially psychoneurotics, were confessed by Dr. Brown to be easy to hypnotize, these are often least able to influence themselves in this way. It is the relatively normal people who can put themselves in a trance during which they convince themselves they are capable of certain things so that they will go ahead and do them.

The thing is to tell oneself what to do. There is no sense in specifying what not to do. This seems to indicate that it is easier for the mind to follow, than to keep itself from following, an indicated course. Of course, hypnotism cannot force one to anything he or she does not want to do. A would-be hypnotist boy friend could not, for example, persuade his light-of-heart love to lose her head unless she is willing. That is why it is said that girls who are instructed to undress under hypnotism undergo all kinds of agony, because they refuse to do what they consider to be immodest, even though under the circumstances it is painful to refuse.

By means of hypnosis it is also possible to change a mental attitude about something, such as being afraid of dogs. It is even possible to increase concentration above normal. The "will" to ignore noises or outside disturbances can often be observed at work in oneself. One way of not being distracted is to concentrate on the work at hand. Thus many a pianist will forget the cold room, or an artist the gathering darkness, in the passion of what he is doing.

Of such simple materials, apparently, are the principles of hypnotism formed. A removal can be effected of unhealthy restraints, conflicts, doubts and fears. Personal failure, for instance, can be made to lose its "bugaboo" character for one by monotonous self-persuasion. The "down and outer" can hypnotize himself into believing he is a success; and once this is done, suggests Dr. Brown, success may soon follow.

He does not mean that one can immediately profit by these thoughts; but the changed attitude has an immense effect on the "better" behavior of the individual. And the attitude of a person has much to do with his or her prospect of worldly success. Many of his most hopeless cases, said Dr. Brown, were won back to normalcy when they were given a renewed belief in their own importance. Had they known the way to do this themselves, he hinted, they could have climbed out of their mental ruts without any outside help.

Even more surprising, perhaps, is Dr. Brown's statement that just as most persons can hypnotize themselves, so can they hypnotize others. All that is needed is concentration on the part of the "doctor," and relaxation in the patient. Curiously enough, Dr. Brown finds that students are unusually easy to hypnotize.

Stoned To Death By The Eighteen Women He Made Love To

HEALTHY, wealthy and handsome, George Cuihurezu, the farmer, lived in the village of Ciresu, Rumania, until a short time ago. Now he is dead, but without honor. He was murdered—stoned to death on the threshold of his farmhouse. Yet there is every possibility that nobody will be punished for his death, for those who killed him are the women he put to shame.

It all hinges around the fact that he was 60 years old. Because of his age he was, in spite of his good looks, not the ideal husband. Still, Cuihurezu was inclined to blame not himself but his partner for this state of affairs. When recently his wife died childless, he decided to find out if he really could be young again. At the village store he made it known that he would marry anybody in town who could pass an examination of his making.

He was offering wealth and marriage. All he asked was that each applicant should spend a few days with him at his farm. In this way, he said, it could be found out whether the marital arrangement would work out. No single woman in town was barred, he said, neither spinster nor widow. Of course, at the store, everybody smiled at this and said, imagine anybody accepting such terms.

All the Women Arrived on Time and Descended on the Old Man's House. When Cuihurezu Opened the Door He Was Met by a Barrage of Stones. He Sank to the Steps Mortally Wounded.

Nevertheless, it now has turned out, 18 women in town secretly applied. They came to the farmer's house one by one to offer themselves as prospects for his fantastic tests.

Cuihurezu was a methodical man. He carefully took down the name of and information about each woman in a small notebook, which he kept in his desk. After each he set a date for her to move in, and, of course, he saw to it that none of the women would come until another had left.

One by one the women submitted to the matrimonial tests. They had to answer simple questions about what the duties of a good wife are. The old farmer, it turned out, expected them to cook, sew, wash, bake, clean, make soap, candles, linen, preserves, milk cows, and so on. The women all passed this part of the test. They just said—yes—they would do these things.

Much of this over-work is normal for the Rumanian farmer women. But most of what they agreed to do was apparently put on for effect. They realized that the old man didn't have many more years to live. His fortune made a little extra hustling worth while. Besides, once married, they could take it easy and not carry out their campaign promises. This seemed to them to be honest chicanery—but they did not dream that they, in turn, were being taken advantage of.

The second part of the test was the hardest, it appears from the testimony that followed the death of Cuihurezu. But the difficulty of it has not yet been clearly explained. Apparently it was some kind of achievement test—but whatever it was, none of the women was able to pass. At least, neatly checked off on each one of the "score sheets" which the methodical man kept, there was "Part Two, special test, failed."

Afterwards, trembling with anticipation and certain that she had the highest mark, each woman returned home to wait for Cuihurezu's report. Days passed, and nothing happened.

Though each woman and girl had spent three days at the farm with the aged man, he had not in all that time indicated to any of them if he was satisfied or not. But each of them had decided from little indications that she was certain to be his choice.

It was with bitterness that every one of them came to realize with the passing of time that she must have failed and had been bested by another woman. The question only remained: Who had proved her worth—who was the lucky one?

After a few weeks, in order to find out, the crestfallen candidates went back to the Cuihurezu farm singly to pay their respects to the girl who had won out. To their surprise, there was no winner. Cuihurezu then made his great mistake. He told them, with a maddening grin on his wrinkled old face, that although there had been many applicants, none proved eligible. All of them, he said, failed the essential test.

What he did not know was that one of them, a widow, named Joan Monteanu, was curious to know who her competitors might be. During her stay at the farmhouse some weeks before, she had in the dead of night slipped out of bed and tip-toed to Cuihurezu's desk in the parlor. It was unlocked, and with the light of a candle to guide her, the widow hastily read the list of names, laughing long, though not loud, at some of her incongruous and unexpected neighbors who now turned out to be bedfellows.

She noted that all who had preceded her had failed. So she returned to bed with new confidence. Cuihurezu was still snoring soundly, so she knew he had not overheard her.

She did not realize at the time that she also was destined to fail the test. When this was made clear to her she was furious. The old fox had tricked them all, she thought, and swore vengeance. The others, she realized, must feel just as she did. Then she sat down and concentrated—whose were the names she had read that night in the flickering light of the candle?

Gradually they all came back to her, and she put them down. At last she had 18 names—no doubt that was all, she could not recall a single one more. But it was enough. The next day Joan began to round up the disappointed women, and a savage and vengeful company of Amazons they were. It took no great stirring to turn the women fighting mad. As the proverb has it, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

That night, by agreement, they all met around a large elm tree outside the house of Cuihurezu—the house in which they had dreamed such bright hopes. As soon as all of them arrived, right on time, they stormed the house, led by Joan. They threw stones against the door until the aged man limped out to see what was happening. It was his last mis-step, for they stoned him to death on his doorstep. Then they disbanded and swore not to give away their night's adventure.

But Joan, the ringleader, had forgotten the all-important list. Just as it enabled her to round up the frustrated women, so it also helped the police to do the same after they went through the dead man's desk and found it there. Joan, questioned about the fantastic document, took the blame of the farmer's death entirely on herself. She said she struck the death-blow. And, accordingly, the others were released. It is said that even she is to get off with an absurdly light sentence.

It is generally felt that Cuihurezu was a mean old man who had no right to ruin the reputation of the town's unmarried women. His fortune has been taken over by the Government because he left no relatives. Ironically enough, there are rumors that the village is to get a new marriage bureau with the proceeds.

Doctors Find A Cure For Loose-Jointed Jaws

THE latest triumph of science is the non-skid jaw; it comes as a blessing to yawners with clicking jaws. And those who "jaw" a great deal can now take the "knock" out of their "talking machine" by literally giving it a bit of oiling.

By means of the discovery, one's jaws become well-oiled and can wiggle freely, no matter how much they used to "unlock" before. What keeps the jaws lubricated or rather, well-muscled, is an extract made from psyllium seed. The new method, developed by Dr. Louis W. Schultz, a Chicago physician and dentist, came to light recently when he recommended it to the American Medical Association. But although its disclosure is recent, its widespread adoption is expected to be rapid.

Usually there is no damage when the jaws "slip" while they are in motion. But the slipping of one's facial mechanism in this way is, to say the least, disconcerting. Eating becomes a "hit or miss" proposition; crunching food becomes an ordeal. Those who are fond of chewing gum, but are victims of extreme instability of the jaws, are forced to give up that indulgence. In the talking movies, a yawn may sound like a small explosion to a neighbor. When one talks, it often seems as if he or she is cracking peanut shells at the time, and this causes arguments or salesmanship to become ridiculous and even pathetic. Lovers with loose jaws also have a bad time of it.

So often in the course of a lifetime is one called upon to stretch the mouth for one purpose or another, that these minor dislocations become a serious problem. The more so, because they are no temporary affliction as a rule. The "click" is generally a lifelong plague to those who have it and tends to begin in childhood. Usually some unrestrained childhood yawn or abnormal widening of the mouth is the original cause. For instance, the child may have tried to cram some large object or piece of food into its mouth and thus caused a strain.

In the past this difficulty, which is literally an impediment to speech and action, has been clumsily treated by springs, pads and bandages that are worn months at a time. These had the effect of muffling the yawn and coddling the muscles. But sometimes under the old plan the loosened ligaments didn't return to normal. And even when they did, the wiring, bracing or bandaging was still more inconvenient than the clicking; and sometimes this elaborate cure had to be endured for years.

Now the solution is swift, invisible, yet more effective than ever. By means of four or five harmless injections into the joints back of the jaw, the clicks are abolished, according to Dr. Schultz. What happens under his treatment is that the injections cause fibrous tissue to grow in and near each joint. The growth, moreover, is a controlled one. That is, there is not enough muscle growth to interfere with normal jaw movement, yet the movement is kept within safe limits.

The cracking sound in the joints as if they were too big for each other is a common thing, especially with people who grow rapidly. But it would seem that the most distressing and serious social bone noises are those made by the jaw. That is why the new gift of science is proving such a welcome boon for countless thousands who were resigned to being unable to "hold their jaw" in place the rest of their lives. The new scientific cure for this rattling of the facial frame actually endows the patient with a kind of "free wheeling," so that to move the jaws does not sound as if one is shifting gears.

Doctors also know that the analogy of lubricating bone joints like auto parts is more than figurative. The knee-cap, for example, practically "floats" on body-made oil.

Clever Hawks Let Locomotives Do Their Hunting

THE way that Nature utilizes the inventions of man for its life-and-death struggles is one of the curiosities of modern times. The relationship between birds and machines, for example, is a proof of how adaptable Nature is to a changing world. It is, of course, a kind of rough justice that since the devices of man are made out of natural products, Nature should take advantage of those devices.

It was a dismal day for city birds when, following the strange new spoor of automobiles, they found gasoline to nauseate them. And, when these cars took the place of the horses which the birds were accustomed to follow for "easy pickings," it was a starvation time for many.

But necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and even the birds appear to be able to take care of themselves and work out new problems when these are met. At a recent world congress of ornithologists or bird-students, at Vienna, one especially cruel exploitation of the machine-age by birds of prey was described.

Foremost among the birds that have taken advantage of technical devices is the sparrow hawk, according to reports by the bird experts. The sparrow hawk uses railroad engines to help catch his prey.

Sparrow hawks are called that because they feed on those innocents. But in many regions the birds of prey have found it harder to catch their favorite food. Apparently the sparrows were made timid and easily frightened by the coming of thunderous railroad trains, and either departed for other regions or hid at the slightest sound.

But in this case, the proverb that "every cloud has a silver lining" was almost literally true; for in the cloud of smoke from the steam-engines the hawk found many uses, not the least of which was to camouflage itself. Whereas, before the poor song-bird had feared the snorting train without cause, every puff was now really one of death, for out of the roaring monster there appeared almost invariably the sparrow's greatest enemy.

The Hawks, Knowing That the Locomotive Will Scare Up the Small Birds, Fly Along with the Smoke and, from Behind This Sooty Screen, Swoop Down on Their Prey.

The hawk hunts not only out of hunger but also for the fun of it when satiated. Finding that the birds are terribly frightened by the rumble of an approaching train and by the smoke from the engine, the hawk has taken full advantage of the situation.

Just as some people insist on living in the valley below some smoldering volcano that repeatedly causes destruction, so the "chippies" go on living in the bushes near a railroad track, unable to understand that the train comes at certain hours according to a schedule of its own and without the least intention of eating up the song bird's little ones.

Each time they hear its ominous rattle, they are frightened anew, and temporarily out of their wits they scatter in panic before the approaching monster, frantically flapping their wings. Perhaps they think of it as a monstrous iron cat rushing down on them with open jaws and a terrible Cheshire cat grin. Whatever their impressions are, clearly the effect is fear.

But the clever sparrow hawk has come to learn that trains come regularly at the same time of day. He uses this knowledge to his sinister purposes the way a blackmailer takes advantage of his discoveries. He sits waiting by the rails, like Judgment Day, at the time he knows the train is due to arrive. As the train passes by, the sparrow hawk "hops aboard," or rather goes along with it, flying in the same direction in which the train rolls. He keeps a sharp watch for what he is after.

Small birds, a minute ago sitting peacefully on wire poles or in trees, lose their heads first emotionally and then literally, for as they rush away in confusion, they are deafened, frightened and dazed little creatures, as easy for the hawk to catch as a plum is easy to pick.

The hawk devours his prey in the air, without even settling down for the task, and when he has finished his tit-bit, he goes ahead to catch the others. He even has time to be playful. Since his speed is greater than that of the train, he sometimes turns back, flies in circles, and allows the train to gain headway.

The hawks are to this juggernaut the way the serpents were to the head of Medusa, and as the train rushes onward, they eat what it furnishes them. So perfectly have these cunning birds developed their "sponging" on man's invention, that they fly on the same level as the stripe of smoke that floats after the engine so that they will be concealed. They pounce at the escaping birds at the very moment that these are easiest to capture.

According to scientific observers, no other bird of prey is equal to the sparrow hawk in cunning, and in view of its railroad activities this can be believed. The harrier, however, comes nearest to the sparrow hawk's standard. Jacksnipe hunters have found out that the harrier, far from being afraid of the crack of shots, takes advantage of them, and "chisels in."

A gun sounds to him the way a dinner bell sounds to a tramp; instead of escaping, he makes a beeline for the hunter. He follows the hunter, watches the shots being fired, and can tell the moment a jacksnipe is wounded. Then the harrier swoops down on his easy prey.

The harrier goes even further in his audacity. He often steals wounded jacksnipes from under the very nose of the hounds. Before a dog will have had time to take the wounded bird in its mouth, the harrier becomes the gay retriever and flies away with the jacksnipe he has seized. Before the astonished hunter has a chance to shoot, the bird thief has made good his escape and is free to devour his plunder.

From Pickpocket to Princess

Mlle. Andree Cotillon (Mlle. "Petticoat"), Whose Pictures Are in the Paris Rogues' Gallery, Outrages French Nobility by Suddenly Turning Into "Her Royal Highness, Great-Granddaughter of Decapitated Louis XVI"

The Princess de Bourbon, Behind Her Bar on Montmartre Before It Went Bankrupt and She Was Elevated to Royalty.

Mlle. "Petticoat," Now the Princess Elisabeth de Bourbon, Paid a Surprise Visit to Her Partner (Also Sweetheart) in Algiers, and It Was Such a Surprise That He and His Charming Companion of the Moment Tore What Scanty Clothes She Had from Her and Threw Her Out Into the Algiers Street—to the Amazement and Amusement of the Onlookers.

PARIS, Dec. 10.

> Dame Fortune is so blind that she does not see what she is about; neither whom she raises, nor whom she pulls down.
> —*Cervantes.*

DECLARING she is the great-granddaughter of Louis XVI, a red-haired Parisienne of thirty-four, who has been on the pavement and in prison for picking pockets, has made Bourbon blue-blood boil with rage by taking the title of Princess Elisabeth de Bourbon.

Her Highness, the former Mlle. Andree Cotillon (which means Mlle. "Petticoat") assumed the title when her noble father Prince Louis Charles de Bourbon, uncle of the Duke of Burgundy, who is pretender to the throne of France, recognized her as his natural daughter by a formal legal act drawn at the Mairie of the 16th Arrondissement, Paris.

As such, Mlle. "Petticoat" ranks high among other women of noble and royal pretensions in France, and if this enraged the aristocrats it excited the risibilities of Republican wits, inspiring one of them to write in one of the Parisian journals:

"Professing to be a full-fledged Princess, an ex-jail bird of gaudy plumage caused a flutter of excitement lately by perching in the Bourbons' ancestral tree. The newcomer chirps loudly about her right to roost there, and refuses to fly away despite the insulting twitter of the other lodgers in this royal rookery."

It is all very well for these aristocrats to sneer and the Republicans to laugh, but the fact remains that royalty remains royalty, no matter how stained. Thrones, crowns, property, even their lives may be taken from them, but royalty remains and cannot be taken from them or their descendants. And if the French Government had not been just in time the other day to nip the Royalist plot to seize Paris, the new Princess would have been somebody no one could either have sneered or laughed at.

And this may explain the remarkable interest displayed in Andree by two great financiers, the Baron Henri de Rothschild and Sir Basil Zaharoff, Europe's Man of Mystery, who gave her among other things a diamond ring worth 13,000,000 francs, or $60,000. It is not known what the Baron gave her, except many cases of rarest wines, but both these men, and especially the then aging Sir Basil, were very careful in picking their playmates, usually combining business with pleasure.

While others smiled at the fantastic pretensions to a throne that seemed only a museum piece, such men as Zaharoff, studying the tangled undercurrents of events, might have seen possible future uses for such characters as Mlle. Petticoat in the dramas of coming events. If the French Communists get too powerful, the country might rise against them. In the turmoil a little adroit management might land a Bourbon on a throne and practical Sir Basil would have wanted to own that Bourbon. Indeed, had Sir Basil been alive to finance and guide the conspiracy so lately nipped by the Government, it might well have succeeded.

At any rate, ward of a charity institution, maid-of-all-work, love-beggar, thief, jail-bird, gambling-den owner, operator of a bar and delicatessen shop—all these Mlle. Petticoat, Princess Elisabeth de Bourbon, may have been, yet if her father is a Prince descended directly from the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, she is a Princesse Royale.

Mme. Elizabeth Le Brun's Painting of the Unfortunate Marie Antoinette, With the Dauphin on Her Lap. And It Is From This King's Son, Supposed to Have Died in the Temple Prison, That Mlle. "Petticoat" Traces Her Lineage Through Her "Natural" Father, Prince Louis de Bourbon.

But is there anything in her father's claims? There again appears a court record. In 1910, a French tribunal examined Prince Louis' claims to bear the title of Prince de Bourbon as a descendant of the Dauphin, and the court decided and decreed they were bona fide and that he and his descendants forever had the right to bear them.

So there sits Andree, one of the highest ranking women of France by court authority. If any French noblewoman denies her precedence, she must deny the whole system and hierarchy of the nobility, which all hangs from the king-pin of royalty. To deny that Royalty is above her is to destroy her own claims to nobility.

So, as sung in "The Mikado":

"Here's a howdedo! Here's a pretty mess!
Here's-a-pretty-howd'ye-do!"

Now where did this Royal ex-jail-bird come from?

Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, were beheaded by the revolutionists, and historians incline to the belief that their son Louis-Charles, the Dauphin, died of torture and neglect in the Paris prison, known as the Temple, but that his sister, Mme. Royale, was permitted to survive. The official date of his death is June 8, 1795.

But always there has been a rival story, and a strong one, that the Dauphin did not die, that he was spirited out of the prison in a clothes basket, through the machinations of Fouche, famous director of police, to become a clock-maker in Germany under the name of Charles Naundorff, finally to turn up at the age of 45 as a penniless tramp sleeping in the Pere-Lachaise cemetery at Paris. He was taken to a woman, famed for her kind heart and the fact that she had been a maid of Queen Marie-Antoinette. Charles claimed to recognize the woman and convinced her that he was the Dauphin. Another old palace domestic identified him by his "rabbit - like" teeth, just like those of Louis-Charles. Still another remembered a birth-mark on his right hip, and a peculiar formation of an ear lobe.

These identifications created such interest and sympathy that in four months 4,000,000 francs were subscribed to hoist the Royal hobo onto the throne. He put on airs, costumes and medals befitting his pretensions, surrounded himself with courtiers, aides-de-camp and even appointed two official mistresses, Madame de Generes and the niece of Madame de Rambaud. His prestige was further increased by an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate him.

On the strength of all this, he founded a journal, "La Justice" and, asserting that he was "Louis XVII", addressed the reigning monarch, Louis XVIII as his cousin, and demanded he investigate his claims to the throne. The King drove him out of the country first and investigated him afterward. The reader is allowed one guess as to how the investigation turned out.

And This Is the Princess de Bourbon, Then Plain Mlle. "Petticoat," in Her Delicatessen Store.

In England he lived precariously for a while and was thrown into prison for debt, finally dying at Delft, Holland, in 1845. The Dutch Government indicated its belief in his claims to the extent of permitting on his tombstone the inscription:

LOUIS XVII, KING OF FRANCE.

Naundorff left five sons, the oldest of whom "reigned" at the town of Teteringen, under the name of "Charles XII," till his death in 1899. Then Prince Auguste-Jean, the oldest son of Charles-Edmond, brother of "Charles XII" became the head of this throneless dynasty, "ruling" as "Jean III."

Born and bred in Holland, Auguste spoke bad French but sold good wine at his store in Lunal, France, taking on a side line of medals for chivalry and other heraldic hardware which he blessed as "King" and sold to his followers. He died at Paris, in 1914, leaving two Princes to dispute the non-existent throne, Charles and Louis Bourbon. The first of these is the Duke of Burgundy, one of the world's most industrious archaeologists, intent on digging up evidence of his own royalty. The other is Mlle. Cotillon's papa.

Prince Louis is 59 years old and inherited little hair with his blue blood, for he is as bald as an onion. From 1895 to 1908 he was a sergeant in the French Foreign Legion, one of the hardest ways of making a living that has so far been discovered. On leave in 1903, he came to Paris where his soldier's uniform fascinated a bonnet-maker. The most important result of this romance of military and millinery was the birth of Mlle. Cotillon.

Having accomplished this, he returned for another five-year stretch in Morocco, and then again attached himself to his sweetheart's hat shop on the Rue du 4-Septembre, Paris.

Soon after this, the pair was charged with swindling a trusting old dowager out of a million francs by getting a medium to tell her she ought to let the Prince have the money in order to ascend his throne. Prince Louis then saw a chance to better himself by deserting the milliner and marrying the daughter of M. Mesureur, Superintendent of Government Charities in Paris. As a wedding present, the father-in-law made him manager of the Old Actors' Home, but he was soon out because he helped himself royally to the Home's treasury.

In the meantime, the milliner died, which caused someone to ask the Prince what he would like to do about his daughter. The father replied:

"I would like to give her half my kingdom if I had a kingdom."

He passed the problem up to his father-in-law who placed the child in one of his orphan asylums.

At the age of sixteen, Andree graduated to a job on a farm but, having no taste for kitchen work, ran away to the town of Nevers.

Conscious of her charms, and evidently agreeing with Corneille that "Love makes everything allowed," she assumed the name of Mariost and the role of sidewalk-enchantress. Covered with an abundance of paint and perfumed like the Shulamite, the red-headed minx offered the fruit of her red lips to strangers. But sidewalks are often slippery, and Andree fell into the hands of the police, for she was not only a creature made to steal folks' hearts but their pocketbooks as well.

Arrested for being a pickpocket and unlicensed pavement-nymph, she was mugged in the local rogues' gallery and locked up for a month. When liberated, she continued to be just as light-fingered and hearted as before; was apprehended again and this time packed off to a kind of girls' reform school, where she distinguished herself by her talent at fibbing and fomenting rebellion. Perhaps, a custom of nobility, she was keeping repentance for middle age.

Freed at last, Andree directed her wayward footsteps to Paris. Unfettered by the trammels of convention, a young woman of action and no idle dreamer, she determined to play society at its own game and make profit out of its follies. If her touch was soft as velvet, her grip was hard as steel, and in ten years' time she had amassed four million francs, thanks to her profiteering spirit and the wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette.

Gaming, said Petrarch, is the surest form of robbery, and this may be the reason why Mlle. Cotillon paid 600,000 francs to become the proprietress of the Iena gambling den in Paris. Here she built a rose-colored boudoir, where she received admirers of marque, and also constructed a private restaurant-room in which she served—as a sort of social caviare to the jaded palate of epicureans—an appetizing side-dish spiced with wit, malice and caprice.

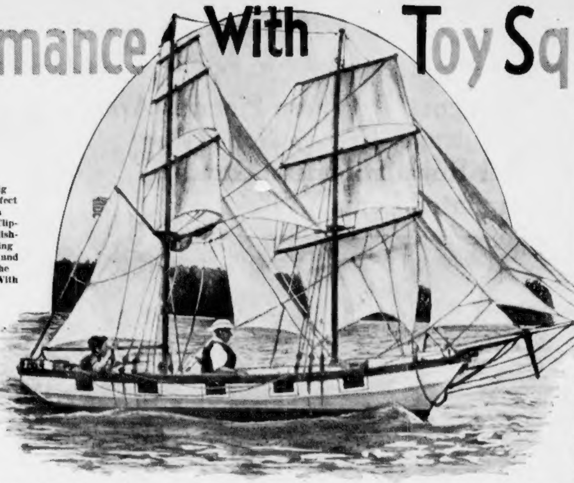
Her eyes and lips turned men into fools, and she invited notoriety by the number of her cavaliers. It was at this time that Sir Basil Zaharoff gave her the diamond ring, knowing that women are usually willing to drown their scruples in the clear water of this gem.

Inoculated with the germ of the gambling-fever, Andree devoted her nights to the green tables, like Madame Dubarry. No card party was complete without her and she did not confine her playing to the Iena gambling-hell. At Le Touquet, she was a well-known punter, and on one occasion lost half a million francs, but she won there the friendship of the Baron Henri de

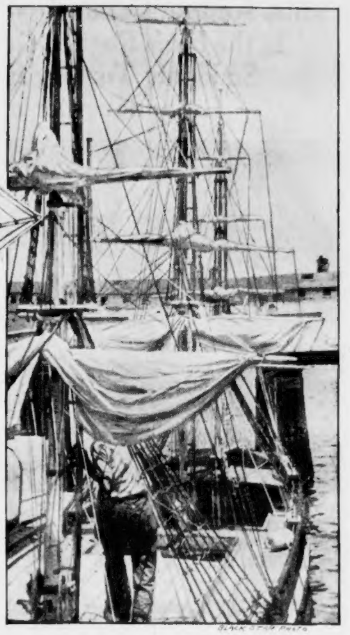
(Continued on Page 18)

Saving Salty Romance With Toy Square-Riggers

PHOTO LICO MAIER



The Diminutive Brig Isobel III Is a Perfect Small Model of a Famous Baltimore Clipper—And Left—Englishmen, Too, Are Helping Preserve the Ships and the Traditions of the Clipper Ship Days With Small Models. This Retired Seadog Made This Model Himself from the Plans of a Square Rigger He Once Sailed In.



BLACK STAR PHOTO

The Future Admirals at the United States Naval Academy Sail This Model of the Famous Constitution.

IT TAKES genius to see a rip-roaring real ship where only a toy model stands. This handicap of museum pieces, which only too often fail to bring alive the glamorous square-riggers that are all but vanished from the seas, has now been solved by models that men can sail in.

Much of the romance and beauty of the old-time vessels depends on their being in dramatic action, and so the new "yacht model" campaign is doing wonders in making the world aware of a half-forgotten tradition of the rolling deep.

Like a lot of old salts, the retired British sea captain in the photograph at the left, makes models of ships he once sailed in, and with them he plays in Hyde Park's miniature sea. His "three-master" is a sailing beauty, faithful in every spar and stay. It is, however, just a toy that cannot be controlled in a high wind. It is typical of the kind of models that used to be made.

But at the top can be seen the Isobel III. She is a specially constructed model of an old Baltimore clipper. The diminutive 14-foot hull was built at Rosebank, Staten Island, for an enthusiast in the history of sailing—Captain Carl M. J. von Zielinski. His frequent voyages in her are reviving interest in the wind-driven ships of old and several sportsmen are taking up the new hobby in which sailing pleasure and the saving of a glamorous tradition are combined.

So informative are the working models to those who sail in them that, at the U. S. Naval Academy, the future admirals are trained on board the model shown at the right. The boat is called the Constitution, Jr., and aboard it midshipmen are taught how the celebrated Constitution of Revolutionary times was handled.

Chimp a Champ Acrobat

THE pride of St. Louis is its "zoo that is run like a circus." Only too often captive animals lie passive or sulking in their cages, making only the most anemic of sounds. But at the St. Louis Zoo, as the picture below shows, there is a spirit of fun in the animals. The monkeys there who have been taught a few tricks are so popular that other animals will possibly be trained also.

Of course, the chimpanzee has an edge on them all. With his great good nature he never takes things to heart, and he uses his head not just to eat but to think with. This lively ape loves to ape human gestures, and his acrobatics that are so familiar in vaudeville skits and musical shows are not an accident.

The truth is that, even in the jungle, the "chimps" go in for carnivals or stompings. They "get hot" all by themselves, using their feet to drum the stumps of dead trees and provide rhythm for their "dances." As soon as one drummer tires, another takes his place. The rest do what is known to the natives as a "conjo," or "carnival of apes." They spring on hands, do rough cartwheels, wag their heads and stomp their feet. Some vary these dance movements by doing a "spinning top," or whirling around with their arms outstretched.

So it is that almost instinctively the hairy acrobats with the button eyes make perfect actors. They enjoy showing off, except for a wandering attention and a habit of getting peevish if people laugh at the wrong moment.

The list of thespian successes among the funny-faced apes is long. But without question, to his St. Louis audiences anyway, the best of them all is Jock, who is four years old. In the photograph he can be seen "tip-toeing" downstairs on his hands. He enjoys life now that the zoo lets him show off.

Jock, a Four-Year-Old Chimpanzee at the St. Louis Zoo, Is a Skillful and Enthusiastic Simian Acrobat Who Could Show Many a Human Gymnast How Difficult Balancing Tricks Should Be Done.

ELMER PHOTO

"CAN'T A LADY HAVE ANY PRIVACY?"
That's What This Youthful Mademoiselle Seemed to Be Indignantly Demanding When a Cameraman Peeped in on Her Bath at St. Maurice, France.

Slept in a Room With 300 Mice

THE most squeamish situation the average woman could imagine would be to share a room with a mouse. The furtive little rodents probably would be greeted with a scream and a flurry of skirts as the unwilling hostess mounted the nearest chair.

But Mrs. Katherine Turvey, of Tottenhoe, England, had the astonishing experience recently of sleeping while 300 mice squeaked and nibbled in her little stateroom. What's even more remarkable, she slept with them because she wanted to and would not trust her darling mice to anybody else. Mice are her hobby.

She was on her way to New York to judge a mice contest, and took along 300 of her favorites for company—leaving nearly 15,000 more of them pining for her return to her fashionable English farm. This army of mice, large enough to bankrupt a poorer woman, has its every whim attended to. They are allowed large pens on the lawn, and their tiny stomachs are fed with mouse meals costing more than $100 a week. They get only the best in oatmeal, bran and baby foods.

They are all colors, too. The discriminating Mrs. Turvey has varied her collection with pink, black, blue and even magenta mice. They all know her and run to greet her and their affection is returned.

England's Youngest Horsewoman

ENGLISH country gentlemen pride themselves on their blooming horsemanship on the bridle path, and afield with the hounds. Most of them start learning in early youth how horses are handled. But none of the present crop of sons and daughters of country squires can quite match the record of the youngster shown in the photograph below.

She is Betty Parkinson, Jr., and the camera caught her at a Kingsgate, Thanet, riding school. Although she is at the bottom in the photograph, she is actually "tops." For her age her enthusiastic interest in riding is remarkable. She is not just idly wishing for a ride. She wants to get on top of the horse because that is where she most likes to be.

Most girls of her age are content with a high chair, or a trundle bed, and are afraid of horses. But Betty is different. Of course, in view of her tender anatomy, she is allowed to ride the horse only a few minutes each day. But she spends much of the rest of her time in the stables to "talk" to the horse; her "English" isn't very good yet, but then, neither is the horse's. Her proud parents don't doubt that she has a promising future as an equestrienne. They plan to buy her a riding habit when she gets older. Meanwhile she is making her play-suit do nicely. In short, she is at home in the saddle even though it will be years before her feet reach the stirrups.

No hobby horse for Betty—she wants a grown-up one that really can go places. As for her mount, he's a "dood horsie," according to the two-year-old. He never goes fast and takes care Betty won't fall off like her countryman, the one-time Prince of Wales.

Horsemen Start Young in England, and This Toddler Is Talking to the Horse on Which She Is Already Starting Her Riding Lessons at a School in Kingsgate.

Nagging Grounds For Divorce

THE "Taming of the Shrew" is one of Shakespeare's most amusing comedies because the plot deals with that ancient butt of humor on and off the stage—the nagging wife.

But though the tongue of the virago is ridiculed, it is generally endured as inescapable. While a thousand less logical things are grounds for divorce, it has not been possible to get out of marriage just because the wife is a nag.

Not, that is, until a precedent was established recently in Providence, R. I., that is setting the vixen-tongued population by its ears. A judge there decided that nagging justifies divorce. The only question still to be decided appears to be, when does nagging begin and coaxing end?

In the case of George T. Gilkenson, a baker, living in Saylesville, it was clear-cut to the judge. Gilkenson, granted a cross-petition in a suit brought by his wife, testified that his wife was a great strain on him, financially, mentally, but especially physically. He said that nagging on her part had made him lose 20 pounds. In addition, he said, his money was not his own—she went through his trousers pockets for cash as soon as he seemed to be asleep. And her idea of punishing him was to hide his clothes and force him to wear his baker's outfit on Sunday.

The sympathetic judge granted his petition for divorce. Gilkenson expects to put on weight again now that he is free.

Cleared of Her Father's "Psychic Murder"

Strangest Trial Since Salem Witchcraft Days That Placed Norway's "Spooks" and Their Earthly Friends in the Prisoner's Dock, Officially Declared Papa's Death an Accident, and Wound Up With a Marriage

Mrs. Stolt-Nielsen, the "Medium" Who Told of the "Message" Predicting the Death of the Mayor.

The Real Defendants at the Oslo Trial Were Whatever Creatures the Spiritualists Credited With Exercising "Supernatural Forces," Which the State Declared Should, if They Existed, "Be Controlled Like Electricity and Gas."

Ingeborg Koeber, Daughter of the Dead Mayor, Who Finally Married the Lawyer Who Defended Her at the Strange Trial.

OSLO, Dec. 7.

THE final result of the "psychic murder trial" was neither a conviction nor an acquittal but the marriage of the medium, Ingeborg Koeber, to Axel Segelcke, one of Norway's foremost lawyers, who represented her in court.

The case, heard by the Law Court of Oslo, is one of the strangest on record, without prosecutor or any definite defendant except the world of spirits and those in this world who try to fraternize with them.

Ingeborg, though suspected of being involved in some occult way in the mysterious death of her father, the mayor of Hanko, Norway, was not charged with any crime because there was never any tangible evidence against her. The only possible witnesses were spirits and these were on her side, to the last ghost.

Briefly, these are the curious events which led up to the unique trial with ghosts presumably sitting on the prisoner's bench as well as the witness stand. Ludwig Dahl, Mayor or Burgomaster of the Town of Hanko, died on August 15, 1934. The only witness was his daughter Ingeborg, a divorcee, who said she was sunning herself on the beach when her father, swimming a short distance out in the ocean, called to her that he had a cramp. She plunged in, brought him ashore, but in spite of artificial respiration, he did not recover consciousness, and finally died.

The autopsy showed very little water in the lungs, not nearly enough to have killed him, nor was there anything wrong with the heart or other organs. In fact, nobody could see why he had stopped living. After working on her father awhile, the daughter decided to go for help and met her friend, Mrs. Stolt-Nielsen, daughter of a ship-owner. The two then telephoned to Ingeborg's mother, Mrs. Dahl, who arrived after a few hours with Christian Appenes, the Mayor's secretary. The pair surveyed the body, now cold in death, and called a doctor.

Though this move seemed a bit late, it was admitted that they could not have gotten one in time to save him anyhow. It then came out that this was the exact spot where 15 years before, the Burgomaster's son, Ludwig, had drowned. Also, it was learned that through the Burgomaster's preoccupation in psychic matters, he had so neglected the town's financial affairs that someone had caused a shortage of 60,000 kroner in its treasury.

World-minded tax-payers had made sarcastic remarks about the spirits making the money good. They didn't, but something almost as remarkable happened. The late Mayor was a writer and well-known authority on spirit affairs. Readers in the little neighboring Kingdom of Denmark took up a contribution and sent the full amount of the shortage to the town treasury but even this could not be done without causing trouble. There was something rotten in the State of Denmark's finances which had caused it to pass a law forbidding real money to be sent out of the country, so the generous Danes had to pay a heavy fine for their generosity. It was also noted that Appenes, the secretary, benefitted by Dahl's death because he was promoted to the office of Burgomaster for the remainder of the dead man's term.

Mayor Dahl carried heavy life insurance of a peculiar kind in which the premiums were low in consideration of the fact that it automatically ex-

The Late Mayor Ludwig Dahl, of Hanko, Who Died in Precisely the Same Place Where One of His Sons Lost His Life.

pired at a certain date. The insurance company pricked up its ears on discovering that August 15 was the very last day it was good and that the wife and daughter were the beneficiaries. As a result of this case, that type of insurance has been abolished.

Most everyone connected with the affair is either a medium or at least a devout spiritualist, sort of straddling between the worlds.

Further complicating the case, it was announced that when Appenes met and was introduced to Mrs. Stolt-Nielsen, at the time of Dahl's death, he immediately remarked:

"If you are Mrs. Stolt-Nielsen, you should have in your possession a sealed envelope containing a message given you by the spirit of your dead daughter, in which she foretold what was going to happen to Mayor Dahl, as the spirit of Ragnar, Dahl's son, requested her to do."

Mrs. Stolt-Nielsen admitted having such an envelope which she had found beside her after a trance but had felt under some sort of psychic compulsion not to open. She now got the envelope and opened it in the presence of several witnesses. In it was the following message, in her handwriting:

"In August, 1934, Mayor Ludwig Dahl will die through an accident."

The leading Norwegian papers commented on this message, some saying that it was proof of life after death and others that the death may have been the result of that prophecy if the Mayor knew about it as, according to the statements of Appenes, he did. The secretary said Dahl was present with him at another seance in which the medium told them that right then the message was being taken down and sealed by the Stolt-Nielson woman who would lock up the envelope when she came out of her trance. If the Mayor believed in the genuineness of the message it may have acted as a suicide suggestion, consciously or unconsciously.

Mother and daughter were held for a few days on admittedly vague suspicions and then released for lack of evidence. After her release the widow committed suicide. The daughter showed no grief at the death of either of her parents but explained that "passing on" means little to spiritualists except the start of a journey to an interesting other world with which they are already quite familiar.

Finally a cousin of the dead man, Judge Bonnevie of the Oslo High Court, took the matter up, stating that spirits might have had nothing to do with the matter even if there are any spirits. It looked to him as if a "psychic murder" might have been committed through an unwilling suicide induced by hypnotic influence. He made no direct charges of any tangible crime against any particular person but requested a general investigation of spiritualism with a view to having laws passed governing it. The judge said:

"The thing is serious and sinister. Either people are deluded into believing and supporting a fraud or there is some sort of dangerous, unregulated, occult power. If such a thing exists it should be supervised and controlled like gas, electricity, explosives, automobiles, plumbing and ventilation."

Far from objecting to such a trial, Ingeborg, who is a medium, and Appenes jumped at the chance to justify their beliefs and practices. Judge Trampe Broch, who presided at this trial, one of the strangest since Salem witchcraft days, called in many experts who sometimes were called upon to guide the judge, and at other times put on the witness stand in such a way as to be a sort of informal jury to render a verdict to the world of science. Among these were Norway's three leading psychiatrists, Professors Scharffenberg, Vogt and Harbitz.

All attempts to prove any conscious effort by any of the spiritualists to make Burgomaster Dahl commit suicide had little success. Ingeborg, Appenes and all the others answered questions with a frank quickness which convinced most everyone of their sincerity. But some of the questions about spiritualism in general were not answered entirely to the satisfaction of

The Lonely Beach With Its Wave-Battered Rocks, Where Burgomaster Dahl Was Dragged Unconscious From the Ocean.

the scientists. The following are samples of these questions and answers:

Q—Are the spirits known to be friendly and sympathetic toward the living?

A—Most of them are but there are some evil ones and also poltergeists who like to play pranks at seances.

Q—Do the spirits see and know everything that is going on in the world of the living?

A—If they are interested, yes.

Q—Are they aware of important events, good and bad, that are impending for humanity?

A—If they are interested, they know what is coming, in many cases, but certain things are withheld even from their knowledge.

Q—Why didn't they foretell the suicide of Ivar Kreuger and expose him as a fraud and swindler in time to save his thousands of victims from losing their fortunes?

A—Spirits are not interested in sordid things like money.

Q—But the police receive numerous complaints that the spirits have induced trusting persons to make bad investments.

A—Not the spirits but dishonest people who pretend to be mediums.

Q—Why don't the spirits tell the police who committed all the crimes in the world and where the criminals are hiding?

A—The police are hostile to the spirits and persecute the mediums.

Q—Why didn't they tell Col. Lindbergh that his baby was dead and who kidnaped the child?

A—Col. Lindbergh had no faith in us.

Q—We are informed that all sorts of departed persons talk through the mediums at seances, giving messages of comfort and cheer to friends and relatives and that even dead cats and dogs are materialized.

A—Yes, that is true.

Q—Can any friendly and well-behaved spirit talk to his or her friends in this world through a medium?

A—No, many lack that power.

Q—Can the spirits who lack the power talk freely in the next world with those who have the power?

A—Yes.

Q—Is there any reason why a spirit who lacks the power cannot ask one who possesses it to deliver a message for him through a medium?

A—We know of no reason.

Q—Then kindly explain this. In 1897, Major Salomon August Andree attempted to fly in a balloon across the North Pole and for 33 years many expeditions hunted for traces of his body in vain. Then his remains were found on White Island, entirely by accident. In all those years why did not Major Andree's spirit send word through a medium where to look?

A—We do not know. Possibly Major Andree was so chagrined at his failure that he wished to be forgotten.

Q—But one of the Major's two companions, Prof. N. Strindberg, was engaged to be married the moment that trip was finished. His heart-broken fiancee waited all that time in an agony of uncertainty about his fate. If so many other husbands, wives, sweethearts, etc., come back from the grave to deliver trivial messages, why did not this young Swedish professor take the trouble to end the uncertainty of this faithful and troubled soul whom he loved?

A—That is his personal affair and has not been revealed to us.

Q—Are the spirits intelligent or moronic?

A—They are intelligent, of course.

Q—Do you think a living person of ordinary intelligence would consider the behavior of the spirits as indicating much intelligence?

A—We do, but the ordinary person does not understand the spirits.

It seems that the Dahl family were not interested in spiritualism until after the death of the boy, Ludwig, which caused the grieving father to read such books as "Raymond," by Sir Oliver Lodge, and "New Revelation," by Sir A. Conan Doyle. These led the family to consult a medium and sure enough they were told that the boy's spirit was right there waiting to talk to them. After that they all became devout believers and Ingeborg discovered that she was a medium herself, able to drop off into a trance most any time.

This was most convenient because Ludwig's spirit was hanging around the house and able to talk with them whenever either the living or the dead had anything on their minds to say. When another son, Ragnar, died, there was no grief and being always present in the spirit, like his brother, he was hardly missed physically. Dahl, though not a medium, took to writing books on the subject which were immediately popular among the Scandinavian peoples, making him quite an authority on things occult.

Ingeborg still goes on transmitting messages to and from the four members of the family "in the beyond." This was to be expected and means little to an unbeliever, but her marriage to barrister Axel Segelcke is considered as even better evidence than an acquittal that there is no truth in the suspicions against her. Judges and juries may be fooled into thinking a guilty person innocent, but the defendant's lawyer always knows the truth. The verdict of the scientific jury was that nothing definite was proved about the existence of spirits one way or the other.

How to Get Rid of Your Nuisances

Plagued by Ill-Mannered Children! Wife Weepy? Relatives a Pest? Enemies Annoying?--- All You Have to Do Is Be Intelligently Selfish, Says Prof. Seabury, With Lessons on How It Is Done

PHOTO — H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Weepy Wives Who Cry on the Slightest Provocation Are Usually Cured Under the Rules of the Art of Selfishness, If Husbands Cry or Shout Louder Than They Instead of Sympathizing With Them.

"DON'T let a woman's tears frighten you. That's how she washes away her nervousness. Start crying when a woman does and she will stop, pronto.

"If a nice old lady annoys you by calling with an ill-mannered child, you can get rid of the nuisance by returning the calls, accompanied by a smelly dog.

"If you don't know which man to marry, imagine both of them in an accident and decide which one you would save."

These are some of the bits of advice given by David Seabury, consulting psychologist, in his new book, "The Art of Selfishness," published by Julian Messner, N. Y. His argument is that selfishness, far from being wicked and sinful, is natural and proper, provided it is intelligent selfishness, not stupid selfishness which is the harmful kind.

Some chapters are case histories of patients. One of these was a minister with a sick wife who had taken to bed after the death of her idolized father and remained there permanently suffering all sorts of alarming nervous attacks, especially if anyone dare question any of her edicts. This situation had so upset the husband that the psychologist told him she was not the person who needed treatment—he was.

He sent the minister to a dramatic school where they taught him to give vent to bigger and better emotional spasms than those of his wife.

Then, just as his month's vacation started, he came down with "nervous prostration." His mother came to take charge and the family doctor, who was in the conspiracy, did his part, ordering a nurse and special diet, etc. Altogether they had the house in a bedlam and confusion which would have delighted the malingering lady invalid, if she had been the centre of it, but nobody paid any attention to her because her amateurish performances were eclipsed by the professionally-coached act her husband put on.

Before the month was over, she was up, clothed and in her right mind worrying about the minister's awful symptoms as he had worried about hers.

It was an example of intelligent selfishness, defeating stupid selfishness to the benefit of all concerned.

A smelly dog as a cure for having to entertain pesky children, is an asset, not available to everyone, but a little thought will contrive other means of being a nuisance to the stupidly selfish neighbor who doesn't see why he should not destroy the sleep of people next door with noisy parties. The way is to find means to annoy him and keep increasing the pressure until he realizes that the easiest way for him to *be* happy is to stop being a public nuisance.

For many people, one of the hardest tasks is to refuse a request for fear they will be called "selfish." Suppose one has a good-for-nothing relative who writes for a "loan," always explaining that it is for some praiseworthy cause such as shoes for the baby or his wife's teeth. The oftener he has "hit" you the harder it is to say no until finally a person becomes psychologically black and blue.

This is how it should be done. Write a letter refusing flatly and as briefly as possibly. The reply will be long, emotional and unjust and the proper answer to this and all subsequent letters is to send a copy of the first refusal. This will stop the correspondence but, if you have been a fruitful "tramp's Christmas tree," in the past, this beggar will call personally.

Hypocondriacs, or People Who Enjoy Imaginary Sickness, Ordinarily Recover Very Quickly If the Intelligently Selfish Persons Whom They Annoy Pretend to Be Even Sicker.

If so see him the first time and have it over with. Simply restate what you said in your letter and say nothing more. After that just watch his lips silently. If this does not dry him up within a reasonable time the psychologist suggests shutting your eyes. However, to the untrained layman, that seems like inviting being hit with a fist between the closed eyes.

Sometimes it is desirable to persuade a person who is neither relative, enemy nor nuisance-neighbor. It is possible, with fact and logic, to knock him out in an argument but all this will do is make him hate you. The author says the best way is to tell him, in narrative form, how you, yourself, were persuaded. *Also, he writes:*

"Most conversations are ruined before they begin. Too many people have an idea that a successful discussion is developed by objecting to your companion's conclusions before you understand what he is talking about. Learn to say: 'Do you mean?' 'Was this your idea?' 'Let me restate your thought in my own terms, I'm not so good at getting it otherwise.'

"Many writers of sales courses talk about the art of holding another person's attention. Such an idea is bunkum. You can't hold another person's attention. You must find out where it is and when you bring your interests into his focus you have what you want him to consider in his line of vision. You want money. If I can prove to you that some of the obligations you thought were necessary expenses can be honorably dropped off, and your conscience still be clear, I don't have to use high-powered salesmanship."

PHOTO - THE J. B. NEUMANN COLLECTION

Cruikshank's Famous Drawing, "The Blue Devils," Which Pictures a Victim of All the Nuisances Described by Professor Seabury and Some Additional Ones Like Dunning Bill Collectors, Oppressing Laws, Exorbitant Living Expenses and Even Fires, Shipwrecks and Disagreeable Wives—But Most of These Annoyances Can Be Easily Controlled by Scientific Selfishness.

A Scheming Enemy Was Eliminated by His Own Suicide When All the Victims Were Recruited Into a Campaign to Send Him Pictures and Real Live Pigs, Which Broke Down His Nerves Because He Knew He Resembled a Pig.

Dealing with enemies is a different matter and these come in all sizes and powers. There is the man down the street who mildly hopes you break your neck because someone once told him you said he was an ass. He can be converted into a friend with a little tact but there are other degrees of enmity all the way down to the melodrama type of villain.

Any kind of enemy can be controlled, this psychologist believes, but never by bluster. He advises:

"Never let your face be impassive as the orientals do. That gives you away in America. Develop a naive, good natured expression and keep it. When a panther is in a corner, it yawns and stretches. There is nothing more powerful than the behavior of relaxation in tense situations. There is nothing so suddenly startling as a drop in your voice. A low tone is better than a clenched fist. Never seem clever to your enemy. The bigger fool you appear, the less dangerous he is."

The interesting case is related of a young man cursed with a terrible enemy and, who though he consulted no experts nor read any books on the subject, found a way to control his adversary so completely that he removed himself from the world entirely. This is how it happened:

Police detective Webb found every evidence that the rich Mr. Dugan had committed suicide in his own inner office. He was about to make a report to this effect when he noticed that the office was filled with innumerable pictures of pigs. Many of these were portraits of Dugan all but the face, which was replaced with the head of a pig and the dead man had a somewhat hoggish face.

Dugan's secretary explained that these pig pictures came with every mail and turned up wherever the man went. At banquets his place card would have a pig scribbled on it and one dreadful, live hog arrived in a crate. She suposed they were sent by his enemies and guessed that he must have a million foes. Detective Webb looked through the dead man's papers, then called at an old house rather in need of repairs. There he found the young couple he was seeking, Ned Laird and Elaine Curtin. The young man told the following story:

One Successful Cure for the Proud Mother Who Brings an Ill-Mannered Brat to Visit You, As Depicted in This Old Print from the Pickwick Papers, Is to Return the Visit and Take Along a Smelly Dog.

"Maybe we didn't do right. Anyway, you know what a wrecker of other men's businesses Mr. Dugan has been and what a rotter he was. Well, a year before last he met Elaine on a yachting party and fell in love with her. He generally got what he wanted and he set his will to get Elaine. She avoided him and finally refused to see him.

"That's where her father and I got it pretty heavily. Dugan set out to ruin Mr. Curtin first and he certainly did a complete job. It wasn't merely a matter of getting hold of the old gentleman's company through stock control. He deliberately put the concern into bankruptcy.

"Then came my father's turn and mine. We were in business together and Dugan broke us because I was engaged to Elaine. The shock of it ended my father's life."

"And so you got your revenge," said Webb.

"Not exactly. You see we were about penniless and Dugan was still pressing Elaine, having her followed and appearing at all sorts of strange times. Anyway, he nearly drove her mad. We had to do something to protect ourselves. Then I had an inspiration. Dugan, of course, had a lot of enemies and I organized them into pig-shippers.

"It occurred to me that somewhere down under Dugan's cold flesh must be a little conscience left. I thought he might not be able to face himself as we all saw him, seeing those leering pigs at every turn. On top of that we organized a whispering campaign that, well, that something was wrong with him and his credit. It took four months but apparently it worked."

The psychologist even has an approving word about rage, but not stupid rage. He says:

"What enrages you about your situation? Choose some point that irritates your soul. Decide to attack at that place, but teach yourself that calm which comes from mature passion. An infantile temper strikes and splutters, shouts and contends. Like a quarreling boy, it depends upon threats and noise. Well-developed rage is still, still as death. It feels no impulse to quarrel. It calculates. It has little to say. It looks for something to do. Don't abate your anger, use it. Guide it with judgment and teach it wisdom. But listen, listen to its voice, for temper knows where to close in and how to take hold."

Contrary people are sometimes easily ruled through their contrariness. A wife who lived in the country and yearned to spend a month in town concealed this desire from her masterful husband or he would have opposed it. Instead, she annoyed him by overpraising the country in Winter and advancing every argument she could think of against city life. The husband not only attacked every one of them but to prove his points dragged his outwardly-protesting but inwardly-delighted wife into the city and forced her to stay there several weeks until she finally admitted the city was much better. Then he made her return.

More than one method is set forth for breaking the tyranny of a father over wife and children but, alas, no suggestion for breaking the tyranny of modern children where they have so subjugated the parents that these instead of giving orders hardly dare offer more than apologetic suggestions about behavior.

One worried father appealing for help because his son was spending a legacy on wine, women and song, was made to admit that he had been bringing the youngster up on the golden rule but did not like the way it was being applied.

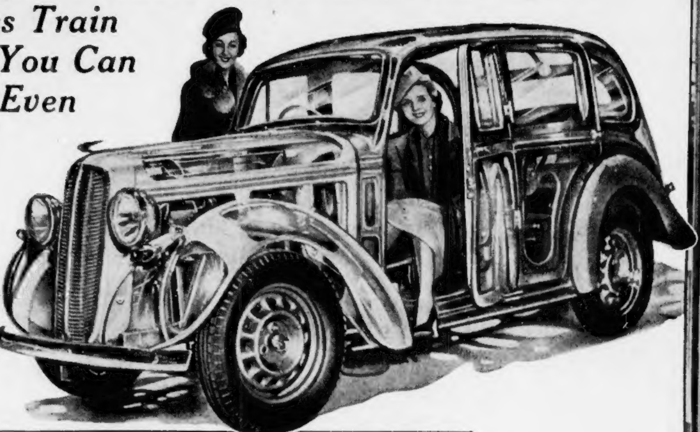
The expert advice was to let the son do as he pleased, a delightful prescription which any boy or girl would give his parents without charging any fee. Apparently the only thing some modern youths remember from the Bible is the prophecy that children shall rise up against their parents.

However, if the whole family is extravagant, something may be won by getting each member to submit a budget of what he or she must have. This prompts the young wolves to pounce on each other instead of the entire pack attacking the bread-winner.

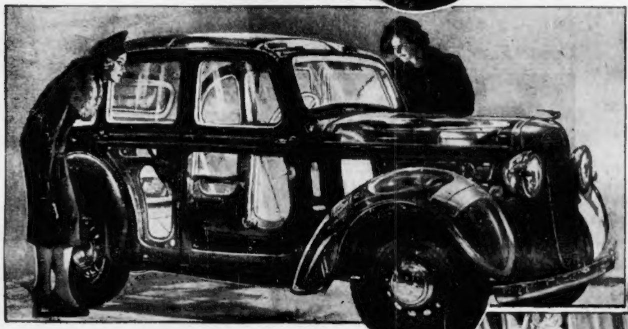
"Contentious men squabble at nothing and that is why they win," says Seabury. "List the outcomes of twenty of your quarrels. Weren't they like the American victory in the World War? The conqueror pays and pays and pays again—especially in a marriage conflict. Many a wily girl wins by becoming 'the little woman,' and getting her wish to be *coaxed* for, for life."

Glass Trains and Autos

Many People Are Already Used to Living in Glass Houses, but England Now Presents the First Transparent Motor Car and an All Crystal Express Train Where You Can See Even Through the Bathtubs



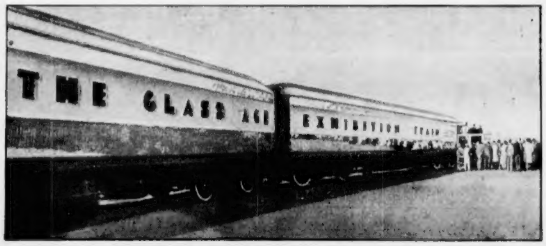
The Automobile Recently Shown in England, Constructed of Glass and Other Transparent Material Through Which Most of the Moving Parts Are Visible.



The Transparent Construction Is Carried Out Throughout the Body of the Car, (Left), Even to the Door Panels Which, While They Do Not Afford Much Privacy, Increase the Rider's Entire Range of Visibility.

A Crystal and Mirrored Boudoir, One of the Most Ornate of the Compartments of the Glass Train, With the Reflectors So Arranged As to Be Almost Bewildering to the Occupants.

Glass Bathtubs Such as That Pictured Here Are Part of the Equipment of the Glass Age Train and the Water Used in the Tubs Is Aerated by Built-In Tubes. The Tubs Have Come Into Favor Recently in Modern Beauty Parlors.



The Glass Train, Which Cruised to Various Cities of the British Isles to Be Exhibited to Thousands of Interested Spectators.

ABOUT the only thing that now seems to be needed to establish that the glass age is really here at last is for somebody to figure out a way to make glass into breakfast food. It can already be made into other things almost as surprising, such as stockings, bathing suits, nightgowns and underwear, and even transparent houses—and on this page today are interesting photographs showing its newest use as the chief structural material in a streamlined train, a peek-a-boo automobile and an equally revealing bathtub.

No doubt if the sage who first said that people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones was still alive and could see these things he would probably throw up his hands and say:

"I'm sorry I mentioned it."

The people who ride in this transparent automobile or this translucent train could throw stones if they wanted to, literally instead of figuratively, without running the risk of getting hurt from rocks somebody might toss right back at them. It would take something more than a well-aimed brickbat to smash this kind of glass. Anything with less ginger behind it than a rifle bullet would probably bounce off like a ping-pong ball, without leaving a dent.

These two strange looking conveyances are British products and have recently been run all over England, where they attracted large crowds of somewhat incredulous spectators, which is exactly what they were meant to do. A similar glass, however, is now being manufactured in this country, and the other day one company that makes it performed an interesting experiment just to show how tough it is.

They turned out a big window pane three-quarters of an inch thick and considerably larger than a night club dance floor. After it has been placed on solid supports at the four corners, an elephant hired from a zoo was brought in and the keeper shouted "alley-oop," or whatever it is that a mahout says when he wants his charge to do a trick.

Making glass that will support a ton or so is fairly simple nowadays. The hard part was persuading the elephant to take a chance and step up on this fragile looking stuff, for the clumsy pachyderm is a cautious animal and is mighty picking and choosing about where he puts his big feet. But the trainer kept on coaxing him with reassuring words, while playfully prodding him with a three-foot spike, until he finally gave a snort and hoisted himself up on this polished scaffold. There was no splintering crash, as might be expected. Nothing happened except that the plate glass pane bulged down in the middle as if it had been sheet iron.

One thing that gives this type of glass its unusual strength is a tempering process, similar to the one used on steel. It is heated to a high temperature and then plunged into cold water. In its finished state it can be twisted, bent or subjected to exceptional strain in various other ways without cracking or shattering.

No one yet, however, has worked up enough curiosity to find out by a practical but costly test what a first-class railroad wreck would do to the "porcelain" train—a name that has been applied to it because it is constructed largely of a special sort of tempered glass that has been given a glazed finish resembling a high-grade porcelain, or china. But after experimenting with working models, the concern that manufactured the material now hopes its "china" train would be able to stand up in a wreck about as well as wooden coaches, and might even compare favorably with steel or aluminum ones, under similar circumstances. This should be a reassuring thought to anyone who feels a hankering to ride in it.

At any rate, there's no doubt that it can click over the rails at the speed of ordinary trains without cracking up and coming to pieces, or even showing any appreciable wear and tear, which in itself must certainly seem remarkable to anyone not yet accustomed to all the things that are being done to prove that the glass age is really here, as its prophets keep saying it is. Since this form of glass can stand a good deal of twisting and bending, and absorb considerable shock, there is very little vibration.

One of the train's advantages is that it can be cleaned as easily as a bathroom. Just turn a hose on it and run over it with some scrubbing powder and a mop and it is as slick as a whistle. This glass does not absorb odors, either, as do various other structural materials, so passengers can eat bananas and peanuts to their hearts', or appetites' content, and then get off without leaving unpleasant olfactory souvenirs to harass the next travelers who occupy the same seats.

As can be seen in the photograph in the upper right corner of the page, the women's dressing room has been decorated with a profuse array of varied types of glass, including a bewildering assortment of mirrors, which the most insistent and exacting of feminine vanities ought to find thoroughly gratifying, if not downright stunning.

One interesting feature that might be applied to the glass train even more extensively than has yet been tried out would be to make each unit a sure enough observation coach, with the walls transparent from the seat level on up to the ceiling, and the ceiling itself as clear as crystal. A train of that sort ought to be popular over scenic routes. But the popularity would no doubt not be confined to the passengers because the observation feature would work both ways. When the show-case train pulled up at a wayside station the natives could have a perfectly lovely time inspecting the passengers on display.

This also goes for the peek-a-boo automobile, which undoubtedly has unexcelled visibility in every direction—up and down, fore and aft, or port and starboard. The driver and the passengers in this automobile would be able to see where they were going, all right, and everything that was heading toward them. But they would probably feel something like goldfish riding around in a bowl on wheels.

Among members of the younger generation who have positive ideas as to the purpose of automobiles, this type of car would doubtless have a limited sale. To them, it would not have any practical value when parked at night on the roadside, because the headlights of every passing car would shine right through it, as would the handlebar lights of any inquisitive motorcycle patrolmen.

Except for showing just how much of an automobile can actually be made of glass—the doors, roof, hood and most of the body and fenders—its chief value is to automobile manufacturers who want to demonstrate the movable parts of their models in a thoroughly revealing manner that is certain to attract attention anywhere.

Open face bathtubs similar to the one shown in the center of the page are a part of the equipment of the glass train, although this particular one was manufactured by an American company. It was made for a beauty expert who says there is nothing like it for improving circulation. Perhaps she is right—but at any rate it has a series of built-in tubes that spray the bather with air, water and foam, which is supposed to be both invigorating and beautifying.

One of the most interesting innovations in the glass industry is the production of a new vitreous material so delicate it can be draped about the figure like chiffon. It isn't merely something that looks like glass. It is glass, the same stuff from which milk bottles and beer bottles are made, and it can be twisted into thread or yarn for making knitted or woven fabrics.

This fibrous glass is produced by a secret process in which steam is used, and the fibres are shot out of a machine at the rate of 50 miles a minute, or twice as fast as a bullet fired from an army rifle.

Each fibre is only one-twentieth of the diameter of a human hair, and it takes more than a hundred of them to make a single thread the size of common sewing cotton, or what is called a No. 50.

Knitted sports suits, said to be as soft and satisfactory to the touch as silk, have been turned out, and one company is experimenting with a glass thread for fine stockings, delicate lingerie and even gowns. Already six different colors, and many shades and tones have been developed. These colors are permanent, as they are not dyes or stain, but are put in when the glass is molten, and are a part of it.

Such advancement has already been made with fibrous glass that there seems to be no reason why a variety of glass garments should not soon be on the market. Then the women who wear these new styles will be giving a new meaning to the old expression, "the glass of fashion."

Perhaps the Cinderella of tomorrow will step out of her glass bathtub and then put on sheer glass stockings, glass undies, glass evening gown and glass wrap—all to match her famous glass slippers. And instead of depending on a pumpkin coach, she could ride to the ball in a glass automobile.

SHUT THE DOOR ON WINTER

in this steel body *Glorified* by Fisher

WHEN that solid door thuds home — who cares about those icy blasts, the swirling sleet and snow?

Certainly not the folks in this picture. Winter doesn't worry them. It's so safe, and snug, and comfortable—inside the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

Put yourself in their place—in this glorified steel body—with steel overhead, underfoot, and on all four sides—steel that's fused to steel into one solid weave-proof, shock-proof unit.

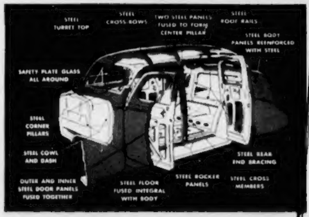
You never rode in more certain security. You're relaxed and comfortable. Yes, even on the worst of blustery winter days.

For each of the steel panels in this sturdy structure is completely insulated against cold and heat—against vibration and outside noises, too. And in addition, Fisher No Draft Ventilation shuts out chilling wintry drafts—yet gives you ample fresh air circulation.

You have practically "all the comforts of home" in this Unisteel Body. Its seats are like your favorite sofa—actually wide enough for lounging, as well as deeply cushioned. Its interior fabrics and fittings are fashioned in 1938's smartest, most luxurious manner.

What's more, you *look* as grand as you feel. For the Unisteel Body's sweeping contours lift modern streamlining to new heights of tasteful styling.

Here are comfort, safety and style to a glorified degree. Yet they're all to be had, regardless of price-class, in the new General Motors cars — the only cars with the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.


STEEL TURRET TOP
STEEL CROSS-BOWS
TWO STEEL PANELS FUSED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
STEEL ROOF RAILS
STEEL BODY PANELS REENFORCED WITH STEEL
SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
STEEL CORNER PILLARS
STEEL COWL AND DASH
OUTER AND INNER STEEL DOOR PANELS FUSED TOGETHER
STEEL FLOOR FUSED INTEGRAL WITH BODY
STEEL ROCKER PANELS
STEEL CROSS MEMBERS
STEEL REAR END BRACING

You Get All This 1938 Safety, Comfort and Style Only in BODY by FISHER

1. *All windows give improved visibility.*

2. *New styling provides more room for greater comfort.*

3. *Saftiseal floor protects against exhaust fumes.*

4. *Improved Fisher No Draft Ventilation with safety plate glass all around.*

5. *Giant luggage compartments have easy-to-open lid lifts.*

6. *Wider seats and larger door openings add to comfort.*

7. *Turret Top assures extra safety and durability.*

8. *Two-way adjustable front seat has soft roll top—designed for interior safety.*

9. *Famous Fisher interior styling, upholstery and fittings.*

10. *Unisteel construction throughout—all steel panels insulated against heat, cold and noise.*

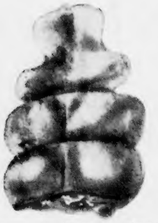
Body by Fisher

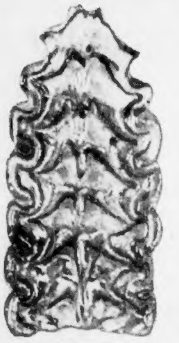
When you hear them call Oldsmobile, *"The 1938 Car That Has Everything"*—remember the safety, comfort and style of its Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

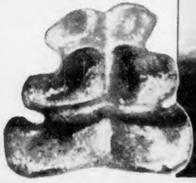
on General Motors cars only: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

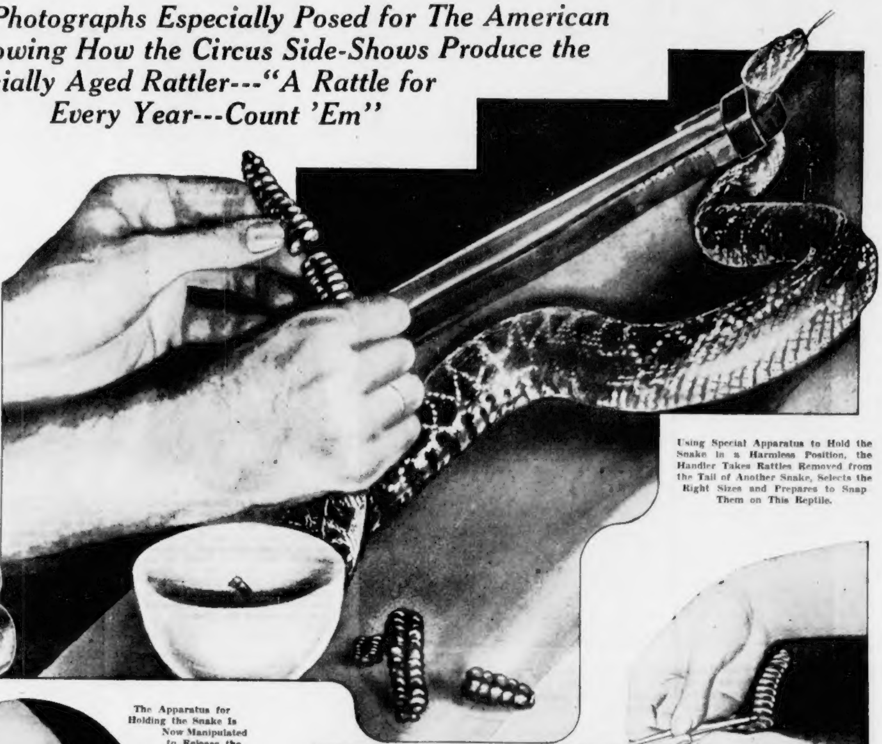
Putting New Rattles on the Rattlesnake's Tail

Remarkable Photographs Especially Posed for The American Weekly, Showing How the Circus Side-Shows Produce the Artificially Aged Rattler---"A Rattle for Every Year---Count 'Em"

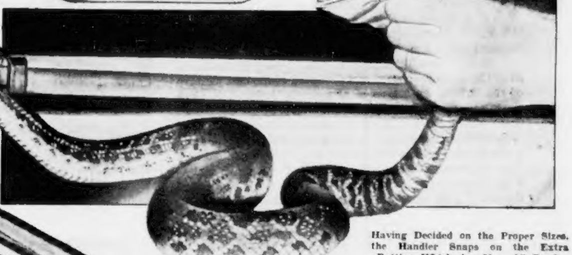

Rattles of a Rattlesnake, Showing How They Are Detached, Just as You Would Pull Snap-Buttons Apart.

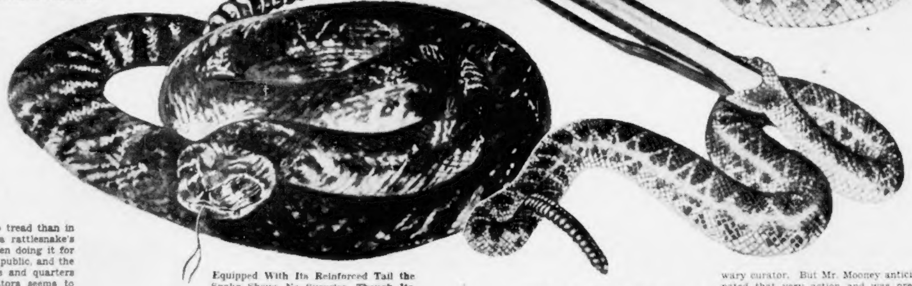

Cross-Section of Several Segments of a Rattlesnake's Tail, Showing How They Interlock.


Inside View of a Half Section of the Tip of a Rattle.


Using Special Apparatus to Hold the Snake in a Harmless Position, the Handler Takes Rattles Removed from the Tail of Another Snake, Selects the Right Sizes and Prepares to Snap Them on This Reptile.

The Apparatus for Holding the Snake Is Now Manipulated to Release the Rattlesnake. Note How the Mouth Is Filled to Avert Danger.


Having Decided on the Proper Sizes, the Handler Snaps on the Extra Rattles, Which Are Now All Ready for Use.


Equipped With Its Reinforced Tail the Snake Shows No Surprise, Though Its Humor Is Not Improved, for It Is Coiled and Eager to Strike at the Man Who Did This Work.

"AND in this cage, lad-ees and gents, we have the most fearsomely ferocious, the most vituperous varmint of them all, the deadly 21-buttoned rattlesnake. 21 buttons, count 'em, 21. Each button means a year of life and the storing of more deadly poison behind venomous fangs. You're looking at horrible death, lad-ees and gents, swift and terrible!"

At one time or another almost everyone has paid to see a den of rattlesnakes at a carnival or country fair after hearing the barker's spiel. One snake in particular, its tail vibrating its many buttons with an ominous sound, generally attracts the spectators' fascinated attention and makes them believe that they are seeing "the oldest and most poisonous reptile in captivity."

But the number of rattles or buttons on a rattlesnake's tail does not really tell its age and the rattles of one snake can be taken off and snapped on the tail of another as easily as a snap-button coat can be opened or shut. That is, of course, as far as the rattles are concerned.

This is an exceedingly dangerous experiment to make, however, not because it causes the rattlesnakes any pain, but the reptile has ideas of his own concerning the sanctity of his tail. He does not take at all kindly to being treated as one would treat a snap-button, snapping it casually on and off.

In no line of endeavor is there a better illustration of the old proverb to the effect that fools rush in where angels fear to tread than in adding new rattles to a rattlesnake's tail. Showmen have been doing it for a long time, to fool the public, and the steady stream of dimes and quarters paid by curious spectators seems to justify the risk.

But naturalists who realize just how great this risk is, and who know how really deadly the bite of an angry rattlesnake may be, have never actually dared to expose this type of nature-faking by showing how it is done on a live snake.

It remained for Mark Mooney, Jr., assistant curator of reptiles at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, recently to perform this experiment exclusively for The American Weekly and show, once and for all, that rattlesnakes' tails with a great number of rattles are usually faked. So dangerous was the task that no photographer would venture into the room where Mr. Mooney snapped the buttons on the snake he used to demonstrate and he himself took the unusual pictures on this page, using a self-timing device on his camera.

Before commencing his hazardous experiment, Mr. Mooney pointed out that the rattles on the tail of a rattlesnake do not tell the snake's age, as most people believe. The general conception is that each of these rattles represents one year of life and that a reptile with 21 buttons must be very deadly indeed. As a matter of fact, snakes with more than 11 or 12 real buttons are so rare as to be scientific curiosities and there is an authentic record of only one ever having been found with 21 buttons.

Each time the snake, born with a knob on the end of its tail, sheds its skin, some of the hard, dry skin remains on the knob, and the "rattles" are formed. A well-fed snake may slough its skin three or four times a year. In addition to this, old rattles wear off and become detached. Thus, herpetologists and other scientists familiar with snakes do not rely on the button method to determine age.

In preparing for the experiment, Mr. Mooney obtained a number of rattles taken from snakes that had died in a large chemical laboratory where rattlesnake serum is made. Then a very lively and deadly rattlesnake was procured from a dealer. This part was easy as there is a brisk trade in rattlesnakes, since they are valuable to laboratories making various serums, especially anti-venoms for the treatment of rattlesnake bites. Mr. Mooney did not wish to perform the experiment upon one of the Zoological Garden snakes, because he wanted no rattlesnakes in his collection with more than the number of rattles with which nature had provided them.

Approaching the cage which contained the snake, one of the most dangerous of rattlers, a Crotalus confluentus oreganus, native to the northwestern part of the United States, Mr. Mooney cautiously lifted him with a long hook and dropped him to the floor. Dangerous as this was, it was the easiest way to approach him with a device for holding him firmly during the experiment, for it was almost impossible to "collar" him as he coiled up in his cage, ready to strike.

Mr. Mooney then replaced the long hook with a snake holder which consists of a stick equipped with a sliding leather thong. The thong was wide enough to prevent injury to the snake's neck. Contrary to general belief, a forked stick is not used to hold snakes unless the captor is willing to take the chance of breaking or crushing the snake's vertebrae.

After collaring the writhing snake, it was lifted to a table. Then the curator held it securely by the neck with the stick, its head and deadly fangs pointing away from him as may be seen in the photograph at the top of the page. The tail was then caught and the rattler was ready for a fitting.

The buttons of dead snakes, kept in a nearby cup of water to make them soft, were then tried on the buttons of the live snake and the proper ones selected. After that it was a simple matter to snap them on with a pair of pincers—simple but dangerous.

When Mr. Mooney released the rattler's tail, the snake began buzzing angrily with its now considerably elongated series of buttons. It was neither confused nor amazed at the new sound, but attempted to strike at the curator.

Putting him back in his cage called for extreme caution and skill. There was a time when the leather noose was removed and the snake tried to coil ready to sink its deadly fangs into the wary curator. But Mr. Mooney anticipated that very action and was prepared for it. As may be seen in the center photo, the stick was held in such a position that in striking, the wrathful rattler merely encountered the leather thong which was slipped into his mouth with part of the stick. Then the hook came down, caught it under its mid-section, and before the rattler knew quite what to do about it all, it was lifted and dropped safely into the cage prepared for it.

The rattler shown in this series of pictures, although young, might very well be mistaken for one of the oldest of its kind in captivity if exhibited in a sideshow along with a barker's crafty spiel. After a rattler such as this has had his buttons added and is sold to an exhibitor, he starts off on his tour as the featured star of a sideshow. As he is kept in a small cage or den and is well fed, he does not have to weave along over the ground in search for food. Thus his rattles, both real and faked, do not wear out the way they would if he wasn't kept in such close confinement.

At the upper left may be seen close-up pictures of the rattles themselves, showing how they are detached just as snap buttons are pulled apart. The photograph of a cross section of several segments of a rattlesnake's tail clearly shows how they interlock.

Just what nature really intended them for is not clear to naturalists. It is apparent, however, that the snake does not use his rattles as a warning before he strikes, since in the wild, he strikes at his prey and food in silence. Obviously he would not warn his prey before striking. It is possible that the "rattling" may have some significance in mating, but even this has never been established.

Whatever nature's real intentions were does not matter to the rattlesnake exhibitor. It is sufficient for him to know that it is easy for him to fool spectators and draw the crowds by his ingenious method of adding buttons.

Some showmen are content with snapping buttons on the ordinary large diamond-back, prairie or timber rattlesnake. Others, however, insist on using the horned rattlesnake, or "side winder" for this purpose, partly because its peculiar looping method of moving fascinates spectators and partly because its horned appearance makes it a reptilian freak.

The side winder, or Crotalus cerastes Hallowell, as scientists call it, has a peculiar hornlike structure over each eye. This is really an elongation of the upper eye-shield but the snake handlers regard it in the light of another possibility for nature faking.

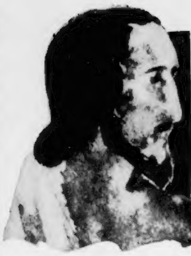
Thus while a side winder is having additional buttons snapped on to his tail, he also undergoes another operation in which his "horn" is improved upon. A chicken spur, taken from a game cock, is inserted in the middle of the upper eye-shield, giving the snake somewhat the grotesque appearance of a reptilian unicorn.

This calls for extreme caution on the part of the snake handler, for while inserting the horn, he works almost within striking distance of the deadly fangs of the angry reptile. In spite of this, he takes the chance.

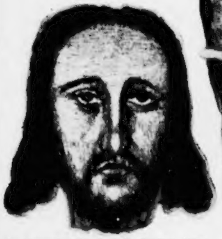
What Did The Sav

An Exhibition of 1,000 Paintings b
Wide Difference in Their Ideals, B
a Real Likeness of the Divine Featu
in the Catacombs Has Inspired t

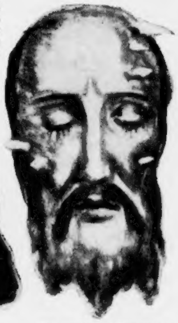
"Christ Stilling the Tempest On the Sea of Galilee," by A. Dietrich. A Noble Conception Following the Traditional Idea of the Saviour's Features, but Strongly Influenced by the Artist's Nationality.



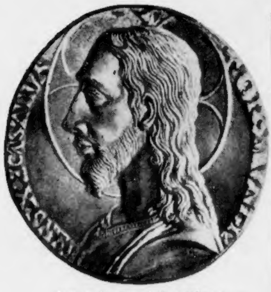
Extremely Ancient Likeness of the Saviour from the Catacomb of SS. Nereo and Achilleo, Dating from the First Century and Believed by Many to Have Been Made from a Sketch by St. Peter and to Be the Earliest Likeness of Christ.



An Appealing Head of the Saviour from the Catacomb of St. Callisto in Rome, Full of Sorrow and Loving Kindness and Closely Following the Type in the Catacomb of SS. Nereo and Achilleo, Believed to Have Been Based on an Actual Likeness Drawn by St. Peter. This Picture is an Important Part of the Evidence That an Authentic Likeness of the Divine Features Has Prevailed Throughout the Ages.

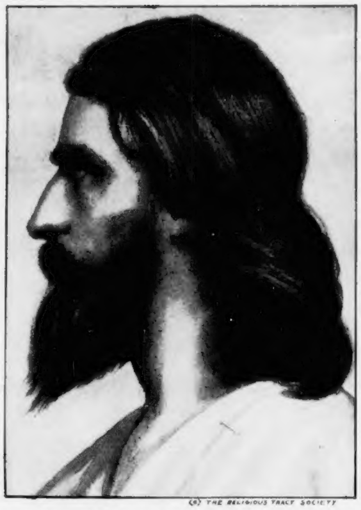


The Pathetic Likeness in the Sacristy of St. Peter's at Rome, Believed to Have Been Impressed on a Cloth Held by St. Veronica.



Curious Picture of the Saviour on a Fifteenth Century Bronze Medal in the British Museum Traditionally Supposed to Have Been Copied from an Emerald Portrait Made in the Saviour's Lifetime.

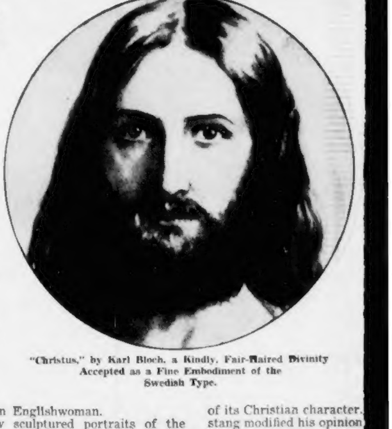
Ancient First or Sec
from the Catacombs
Achilleo, Showing T
Artist Followed the



(c) THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

A Strong Intellectual Head of Christ Grieving for the Troubles of Mankind. Painted by Harold Copping and Considered a Fine Modern English Religious Conception.

"The Door of the Fold," by Sybil C. Parker, a Very Gentle and Popular Presentment of the Saviour as the Good Shepherd, and a Natural Expression of an English Woman Artist's Feelings.



"Christus," by Karl Bloch, a Kindly, Fair-Haired Divinity Accepted as a Fine Embodiment of the Swedish Type.

WHAT did the Saviour look like? Is there any authentic likeness of Him?

No questions are of greater interest to the religious world than these and few more difficult to answer.

At an unusual exhibition held in London by the Council of Christian Education of a thousand of the best pictures of the Saviour by artists of all nations, designed to place the most inspiring conceptions obtainable before the public, there was an extraordinary divergence among the pictures, some artists representing an absolutely different type from other artists. In most cases the Saviour was painted as a type of the artist's own race. The Italian painted Him as a dark vivacious Italian and the Swede as a tall blond Swede. Some represented Him as a powerful, muscular, aggressive man, but the majority as delicate, sensitive, spiritual.

One object of the exhibition was to select a picture which would best represent Christ for the benefit of Sunday schools and churches. Seven rooms were filled with paintings and pictures of sculpture. The works were by English, French, German, Italian, Swedish, Russian, Austrian and Norwegian artists. Among them were old masters and fine copies of ancient works.

One of the most peculiar pictures in the exhibition was entitled "The Nazarene," by Stanley Todd. It represents a Christ of a somewhat mid-Victorian type with mutton-chop whiskers and a definite cast in one eye, but broad-shouldered, vigorous, courageous and sympathetic. In spite of peculiarities which might have shocked old-fashioned religious people, it was pronounced by the Secretary of the Council as the picture which seemed best to fulfill modern requirements presenting the sort of man boys would look up to.

The modern tendency to avoid the weak type of Christ was also shown in the work by D. M. Banner, who painted Him as a young athlete, beardless, with bulging biceps and a short stocky wrestler's figure. It has been pointed out that it would be logical to represent the Saviour as a working-class Jew who knew all the temptations and hardships of life in His day. Only two men followed this idea completely—Mr. Banner and Eugene Burnand, a Swiss artist, who pictured Him as a dark brown-skinned Hebrew with deep black compelling eyes, a firm mouth, a large, powerful head and coarse, black, straggly hair.

Harold Copping, an English artist, represented Him as a strong man of the Jewish type but with a more intellectual expression.

The great variety of treatment employed by the artists is well illustrated by the pictures on this page. In "Christ Stilling the Tempest on the Sea of Galilee," a masterpiece by A. Dietrich, the artist has followed the traditional idea of the Saviour's features, but has given them a German stamp. In "Christ at the House of Martha and Mary," H. Siemiradzki, a Polish artist, has given the Saviour the features of a noble, virile, full-blooded Polish hero.

Certain pictures from the Roman Catacombs are really based, in the opinion of many experts, on the actual likeness of the Saviour taken from life and their value will be explained in more detail later.

A very curious picture is taken from a Fifteenth Century bronze medal in the British Museum. The features are not impressive nor attractive, but the picture is interesting because it was copied from a portrait carved on an emerald and said to have originated in the Saviour's lifetime. The emerald was found in Constantinople by the Sultan Bajazet and sent to Pope Innocent VIII in 1489 and is now in the Vatican. With the emerald was a Latin letter supposed to have been written by a Roman who saw Christ. The letter says:

"There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ. A man of stature, somewhat tall and comely, with very reverend countenance such as the beholder may both love and fear . . . his hair of the color of a chestnut full ripe, plain to his ears whence downward, it is more orient and curling and wavering about his shoulders. His forehead plain and very delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle beautified to a lovely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended, his beard forked, his look innocent and mature, his eyes grey, clear, and quick."

Great interest attaches to the very ancient portrait of the Saviour attributed to St. Luke, now in the Museum of the Vatican. There is a tradition probably well-founded that the evangelist St. Luke was an artist, and an early Christian writer of the Eighth Century states that he painted a portrait of the Saviour. The picture in the Vatican is painted in tempera on wood and is so closely framed in by a jeweled case that nothing but the face is visible. Experts say that it is of Eastern origin from the presence of a small lock of hair in the center of the forehead. The face is lacking in expression and on the whole it appears improbable that it was made by St. Luke, or that it is really a portrait from life.

The influence of nationality in portraying the divine features is brought out very clearly by these pictures. Karl Bloch of Sweden in his picture called "Christus," paints a kindly, fair-haired divinity, tall, robust and bearded, which is evidently a fine embodiment of the Swedish type of manhood. In his famous "Christ Before Pilate," Mihaly Munkacsy paints an intense, fervent Saviour with the characteristics of a Hungarian hero. The pathos of the suffering, sorrowing Saviour, sympathizing even with those who have condemned him to death, is expressed with remarkably deep feeling by G. Cornicelius, of Holland.

The agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, one of the greatest tragedies in the history of humanity, has a German expression in the work of the distinguished artist, H. Hofmann.

Even the sex of the artist may have an influence on these pictures. The "Door of the Fold," by Sybil C. Parker, a much admired presentment of the Saviour as the Good Shepherd, is a natural interpretation by an Englishwoman.

There are only a few sculptured portraits of the Saviour dating from the earliest times. This is partly due to Jewish religious laws and partly due to the fact that images were prohibited by the Eastern Church as early as the Seventh Century and all that could be found in the East were destroyed. Much interest was aroused a few years ago by the discovery of a strange bearded head in the ruins of a Christian church of the Third Century at Jerash, the place where the Saviour sent the Evil Spirits into the Gadarene swine, and situated across the River Jordan from Palestine.

The head was at first pronounced to be probably that of Christ by Professor Garstang, head of the Palestine Antiquities Department which made the discovery. The style of the sculpture was Roman of the First Century. The head has a strange, half-barbarous pagan expression and, according to modern ideas, un-Christlike. The thoughtful observer, however, will see that the head has a very touching expression of suffering which supports the idea of its Christian character.
stang modified his opinion
probably represented som
haps Neptune, that it m
Roman work and that th
being able to afford expen
had changed it somew
Saviour.

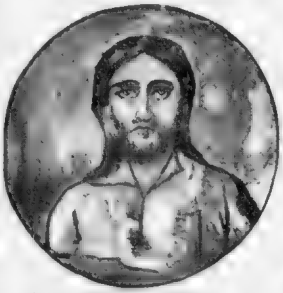
The old Jews believ
graven images of any obj
and consequently there w
Saviour in churches found
but there probably existe
munities not under Jewis
one of the most revered e
who lived in the Third
beautiful piece of sculp
Caesarea Philippi. It c
bronze representing a w
dignified man who stretc

viour Look Like?

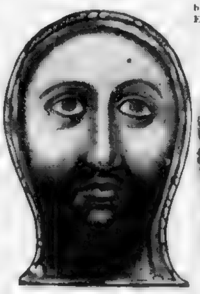
y Artists of Many Nations Shows a
at Evidence Has Been Found That
res Based on a Sketch by St. Peter
he Christ Portraits of All Ages

Early Mosaic in the Catacombs by a Pagan Artist, Based on the Earliest Portrait, But Not Showing the Same Spiritual Quality

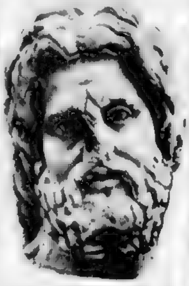
ond Century Fresco
of SS. Nereo and
hat More Than One
St. Peter Likeness



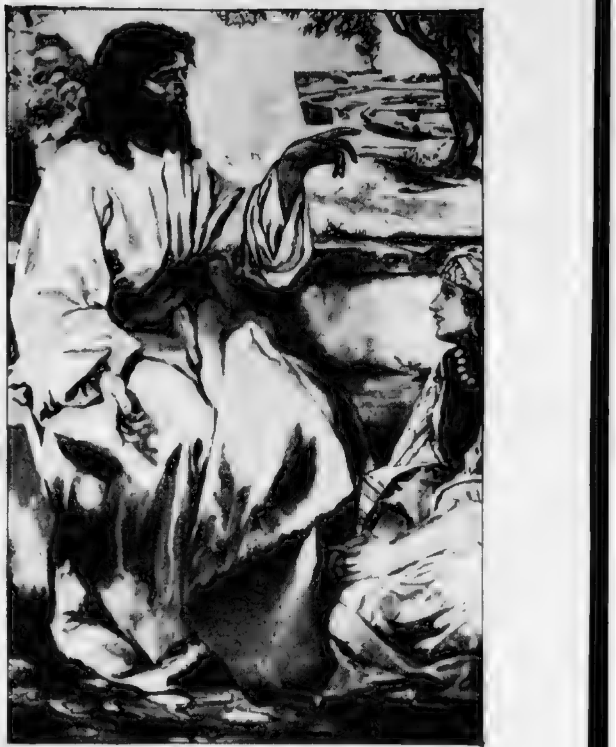
Beautiful Picture of the Saviour in the Catacomb of St. Callisto at Rome, Once Believed to Be an Actual Portrait by a Roman Artist Who Had Seen Him, But Now Regarded as Proving That There Was an Accepted Type in Those Early Days.



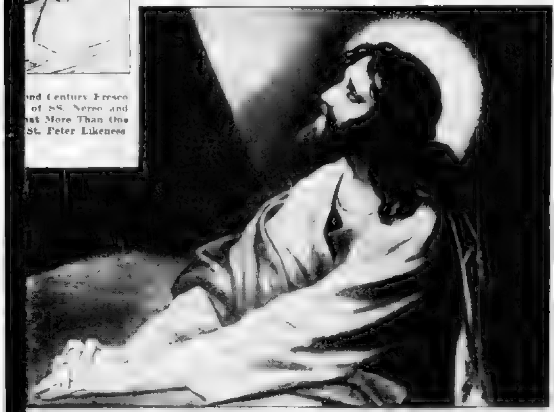
Unprepossessing Likeness of the Saviour on an Ancient Byzantine Icon in the Vatican, Sometimes Attributed to the Apostle St. Luke, But Probably This Idea Arose from the Fact That St. Luke Was an Artist.



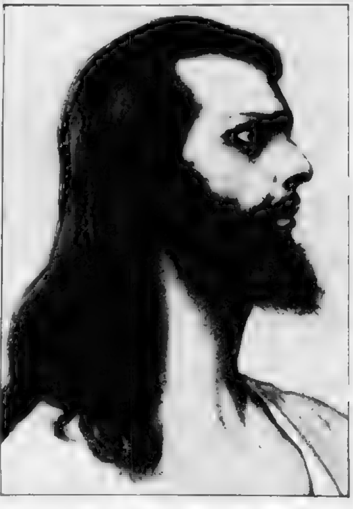
Strange Half Barbarous and Un-Christlike Sculptured Head Found in the Ruins of an Early Christian Church at Jerash, Near Palestine, and Thought by English Archeologists to Have Been Set Up in the Church as Christ, Although Really Some Pagan Divinity, Probably Neptune. It Is Curious That the Head Has a Touching Expression of Suffering



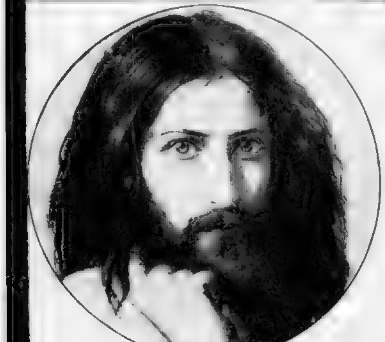
A Handsome Full-Blooded Type of the Saviour in the Picture, "Christ at the House of Martha and Mary," by H. Siemiradzki. A Polish Artist's Idea of the Divine Appearance.



A Very Tragic Conception of the Saviour's Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane Painted by the Distinguished European Artist, H. Hofmann



The Famous Head of the Saviour from "Christ Before Pilate," by Mihaly Munkacsy and Regarded as a Fine Hungarian Ideal.



A Remarkably Appealing Head Regarded as a Striking Presentment of the Suffering, Sorrowing Saviour, Condemned to Death for Trying to Help Mankind, by G. Cornicelius

Later Professor G.r-
and said that the head
e pagan divinity per-
y have been a pagan
early Christians, not
sive original sculpture,
at to represent the

d it wicked to make
ct, God, man or beast.
ere no statues of the
ed by Jewish Apostles.
such statues in com-
n influence. Eusebius,
arly Christian fathers,
Century, says that a
ture was erected at
nsisted of a group in
man kneeling before a
ned out His hands be-

nignantly toward Her. Eusebius says that he had himself seen the group and that it was long unknown whom it was intended to represent. There was, however, a plant of healing growing at the foot, and after careful cleansing the inscription was laid bare. It was found that the woman cleansed of the issue of blood by the Saviour, as related in the Bible, who lived at Paneas (Caesarea Philippi), ordered the sculpture made. Therefore, it was made to the order of a person who had observed Her [illegible]. Upon this discovery the statue was at once removed to the sacristy of the church where it was held in great honor.

Sozomen, another Christian historian, tells us that Julian the Apostate, the Roman Emperor who turned against Christianity after it had been adopted officially, became jealous of the honor paid to this statue, had it thrown down and a statue of himself erected in its place. Julian's statue was afterwards struck by lightning. Some of the fragments of the church statue, which the heathen had dragged about the streets, were collected and restored to the church after Julian's death. Philostorgius, another historian, gives much the same account, but adds the important piece of information that the head of the image was preserved, though afterwards it was lost again. It is possible that this and others of similar antiquity are now buried among the ruins of ancient churches.

There are various likenesses of the Saviour on cloth which are said by extremely ancient tradition to have been impressed from life. Among these the best-known, perhaps is the cloth likeness obtained by St. Veronica and preserved at St. Peter's at Rome. The legend attached to it is that as the Saviour bore His cross on the way to Calvary a pious lady named Veronica stepped forward and offered Him her veil to dry the sweat on his brow and that after using it His image remained imprinted upon the cloth. There are several variations of this legend, some of which identify the woman with Martha. The cloth is said to have been brought to Rome about 700 A. D. and in 1011 A. D. an altar was erected in its honor. The face is somewhat faint and indistinct. Almost equally famous and honored is the Holy Shroud of Turin, Italy.

There is a curious ancient legend recorded by John of Damascus in 727 A. D. He says that a story was current in his time that Abgarus, King of Edessa, sent a painter to make a portrait of the Saviour; and that when he was unable to perform his task in consequence of the brightness of the Divine Countenance, the Lord put His outer garment to His own face and impressed upon it a perfect likeness of His Own Countenance which He sent to Abgarus. The alleged correspondence between the Saviour and Abgarus is preserved, but although it is extremely ancient, it is not accepted as authentic by scholars. The miraculous portrait was kept on exhibition in Constantinople in early times and after that city was captured by the Turks it was taken to Italy. It is uncertain whether it is the cloth now preserved in the Church of St. Bartholomew in Genoa, or that in the church of St. Sylvester in Rome.

In spite of the very different conceptions of the artists of various nations referred to, it is noticeable that a certain general likeness of the Saviour has existed in all ages from the time when the Roman Catacombs were in use down to the present day. The traditional type shows a man, large-eyed, kindly, grave, sorrowful, with broad forehead, rather long face and beard. It is true that in all ages artists have departed widely from this type, but experts say that it has prevailed in the majority of serious pictures in all periods. A tendency to give the Saviour the national characteristics of the artist's people has always existed, and as long ago as the Second Century Greek artists were painting the beardless Greek type. Just now there is a tendency, especially among English church decorators, to represent a muscular, aggressive type of Christ, because many religious leaders feel that young men and boys have not been attracted to church by the meek, gentle, suffering type. But the persistence of the traditional conception, carried to such a high degree of perfection by the genius of Leonardo da Vinci, is certainly an impressive fact.

Is it not probable that this conception is founded on a real likeness of Christ made from life? The Roman Catacombs were used as Christian refuges as early as 60 or 70 A. D., that is to say, within less than twenty years of the Saviour's Crucifixion. There must have been many people in Rome, including St. Peter and St. Paul, who had seen Him. It is not likely that many of them were artists, but it seems probable that one or two must have had sufficient skill with the pencil to make some kind of likeness of the beloved leader.

The Reverend Cyril C. Dobson, Vicar of St. Mary's Church, Hastings, England, has just published a remarkable book summing up all the evidence and containing new facts to show that there is a fine portrait of Christ in the Catacomb of SS. Nereo and Achilleo in Rome that was copied from a sketch by St. Peter which is also in the Catacomb and which must be regarded as an authentic portrait from life. The head shows a beautiful spiritual type of man with sorrowful expression, large eyes, bearded, and represented in full face. It bears an evident similarity to the traditional type which has appeared in so many paintings since it was made, and which, it is believed by Mr. Dobson, were inspired by it.

The type of the SS. Nereo and Achilleo picture is repeated in many other portraits in the Catacombs, suggesting that it was regarded by the early Christians as having perfect authenticity. Its importance was first discovered and it was sketched by Thomas Heaphy, an early Nineteenth Century English artist, at a time when the Catacombs were not open to the general public and it was dangerous to venture into their dark uncharted intricacies, for many people were lost there and never seen again and the artist himself nearly met that fate.

The interest and the importance of the SS. Nereo and Achilleo head have been pointed out by other writers, but the Reverend Mr. Dobson has made new discoveries of his own and built up a most impressive argument in favor of its authenticity.

The Catacomb of SS. Nereo and Achilleo was originally the Catacomb of St. Domitilla, a Roman lady of high rank of whom the two men saints were chamberlains. Domitilla was a relative of Priscilla, the Roman lady mentioned by St. Paul in the Acts as helping the Christians in Corinth. St. Paul was converted in 35 A. D. and as he mentions various prominent persons in Rome as having been converted before him, this suggests that they may have been familiar with the Saviour's appearance. The picture of the Saviour in the Catacomb, believed by Mr. Dobson to have been made by St. Peter, is known mainly through Heaphy's sketchbook. It was in a vault which had been embellished with many other fresco pictures and decorations and which

(Continued on Page 17)

Man-Made Monsters That Roam the Ocean Depths

Queen "Jerry" Hoffman Who Ruled the Los Angeles County Fair With a Field Grown Scepter 16 Feet Tall

GOLD [illegible] billions of dollars lies [illegible] the sea in the rotting hulks of sunken vessels for many years adventurous men have been daring death to bring it to the surface. Now with the aid of man [illegible] monsters resembling fearsome robots or ultra modern Frankensteins, Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg, one of the world's foremost authorities on deep-sea diving, hopes to succeed where others have failed.

Two of the devices which Lieutenant Rieseberg intends to use in wrestling treasure from the ocean's bottom are shown on this page. At the right is what he calls the "robot iron-man," a new and scientific device that is capable of permitting a diver to descend to depths of one thousand feet. Although in appearance it resembles a grotesque monster, it is so constructed that the diver within has as much freedom of movement as if an ordinary rubber suit were being used, for the all-metal joints are so designed and constructed that the greater the water pressure upon them, the more mobile they become.

When working at great depths the diver within the iron-man metal suit depends upon mechanical hands and fingers consisting of steel grips which are so delicately, yet strongly adjusted that a single coin may be picked up or a section of heavy timber torn away from its fastenings.

For breathing the diver depends upon oxygen contained within a tank in the suit itself, doing away with the dangerous air line attached to a helmet from a pump located on a boat on the surface. In the past, such air lines have fouled or been cut, suffocating divers before they could be pulled aloft.

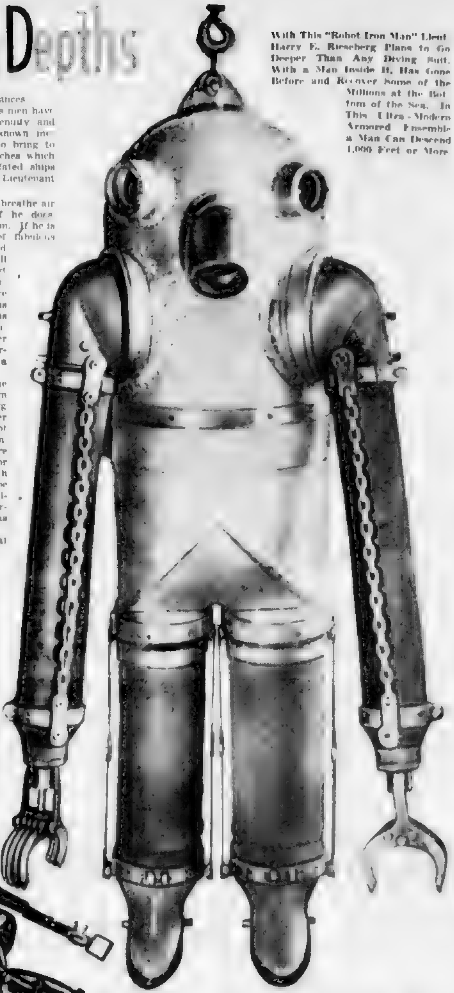
As there is eternal darkness at great depths the iron-man is equipped with powerful searchlights illuminating the ocean's floor for great distances.

"For decades adventurous men have striven with all their ingenuity and courage and with every known mechanical salvaging device to bring to the surface these great caches which have gone down with ill-fated ships during past centuries," says Lieutenant Rieseberg.

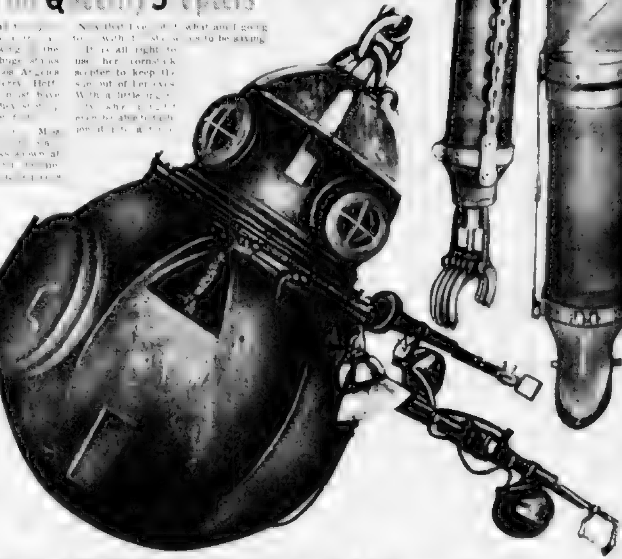
"Man never was made to breathe air under water pressure. If he does strange things happen to him. If he is lured too deep by hope of fabulous wealth he is sure to be seized with convulsions which will twist him into a knot, contort him and often death or paralysis will remain to torture and plague the rest of his days. As a result of this situation and pressure condition in these depths, no diver has yet gone below the surface more than 306 feet in a rubber suit."

But with the aid of the man-made monster shown below, Lieutenant Rieseberg expects to descend deeper than even the 1,000-foot mark of the robot iron-man. In this pear-shaped sphere he expects to prospect for sunken treasure at a depth of 2,[illegible] feet. It may be operated at that depth although for observation purposes it may be lowered as much as a [illegible]

It, too, has mechanical arms and searchlights.



With This "Robot Iron Man" Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg Plans to Go Deeper Than Any Diving Suit. With a Man Inside It, Has Gone Before and Recover Some of the Millions at the Bottom of the Sea. In This Ultra-Modern Armored Ensemble a Man Can Descend 1,000 Feet or More.



Left: Another of Lieutenant Rieseberg's Deep-Sea Monsters Is a Thick Steel Sphere With Mechanical Arms and Powerful Searchlights. Slung to a Strong Cable, This Submarine Device Can Locate Sunken Treasure as Far Down as 2,500 Feet.

New Record for Queenly Scepters

IT [illegible] the Fair [illegible] be [illegible] growing [illegible] the [illegible] at right than the huge stalks recently exhibited at the Los Angeles County Fair by Miss Jerry Hoffman [illegible] farm [illegible] must have [illegible]

As [illegible] Miss Hoffman [illegible]

Now that I've [illegible] what am I going to [illegible] with [illegible] to be saying.

It is all right to use her cornstalk scepter to keep the [illegible] out of her eyes. With a little [illegible] she [illegible] even be able to [illegible]

[illegible]

A[illegible]

[illegible]

system when they should be open or [illegible] them when they should be closed. One of these remarkable valves is set at the [illegible] of the stomach. Its duty is to open at intervals as digestion in the stomach proceeds and allow a small amount of the partly digested food to pass into the upper part of the small intestine where the digestive process will be continued. If this stomach valve [illegible] as [illegible] the stomach [illegible] a [illegible]

An O[illegible] T[illegible] A[illegible] K[illegible]

UNLE[illegible] at the [illegible] Pier, Atlantic [illegible] kittens as [illegible] just before [illegible] of the chimpanzee troupe.

Instead of appearing with [illegible] amazement of [illegible] Both [illegible] the [illegible] separate them and pussy is now a [illegible] troupe.

The Honor Little Princess Elizabeth Likes Best

AS a little princess who may some day be Queen of England, eleven-year-old Elizabeth, daughter of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, probably has more honors thrust upon her [illegible] than any other youngster in the [illegible] But although she thrills at the parades and the ceremonies that are held for her and has been taught to express her appreciation with gentle regal dignity, she is still a little girl at heart.

That is why when a doll recently was designed so cleverly that it really became a miniature of her, she decided that it was the honor that she liked most of all. Her mother, the Queen, also thought that the resemblance was [illegible] [illegible] Elizabeth [illegible]

How skillfully the doll maker [illegible] his art may be seen in a comparison of the two pictures at the left. The upper is the doll itself, the lower a recent photo of Princess Elizabeth. Eyes, lips, nose and even the way the hair is parted have been imitated with great accuracy.

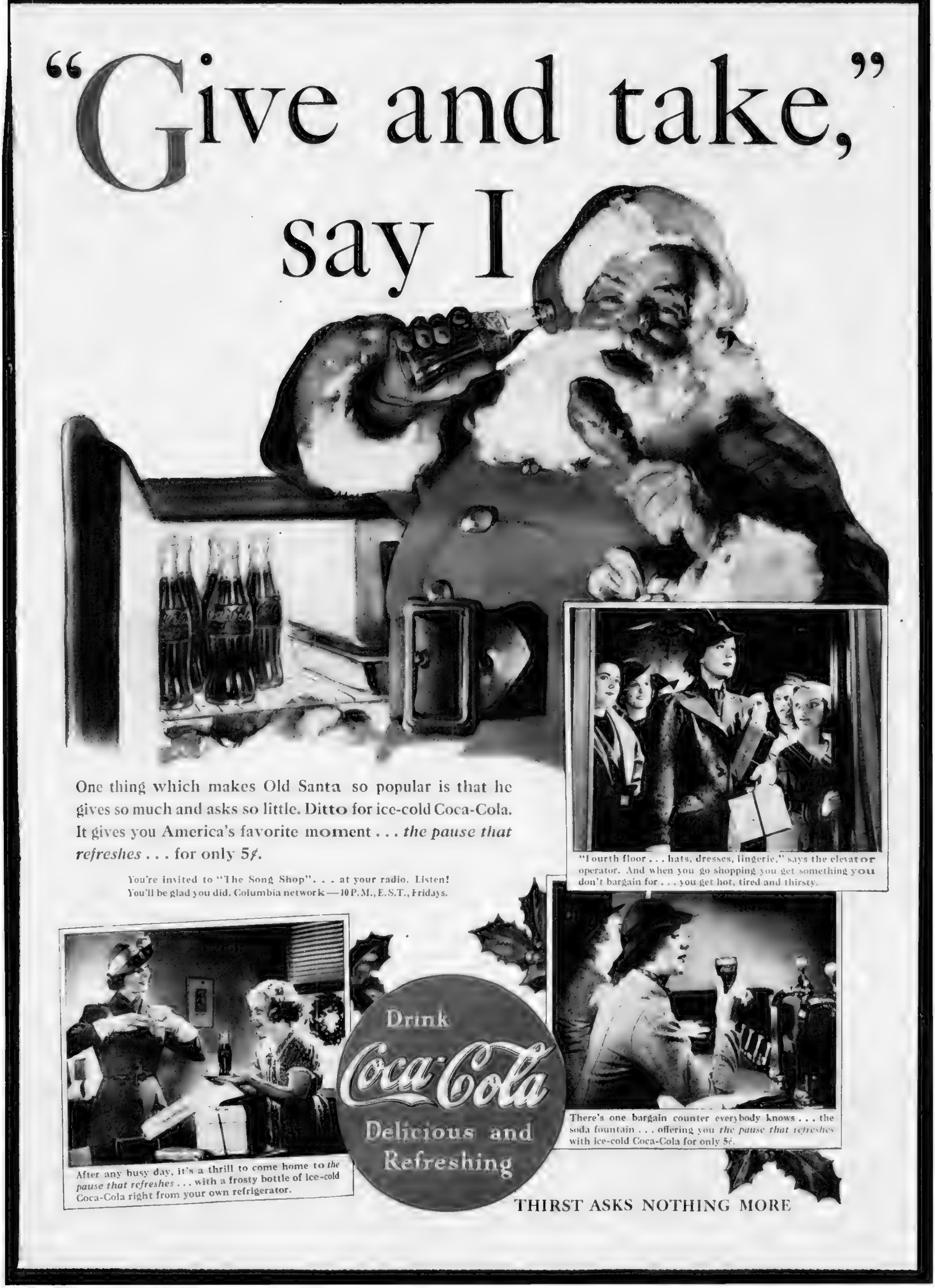
Naturally, since Elizabeth is a very popular young lady, the Elizabeth doll has become popular too. Today English girls are playing with these dolls throughout the kingdom. Some of them have the Elizabeth doll dressed in the afternoon frock shown in the picture. Others, whose parents can afford it, have as many as 12 or 15 dresses in the princess doll's wardrobe, including party dresses, riding clothes and sports outfits.

Until Elizabeth set delighted eyes upon the doll which so faithfully resembles her, the honor she apparently liked best was the $10,000 playhouse which the people of Wales gave her to show their loyalty and affection. It was even equipped with electric light, telephone and radio.

England's Princess Elizabeth and, Above, the Doll That Is a Remarkable Likeness of Her in Miniature. She Is More Flattered by This Honor Than Any of the Acclaim That Her People Shower on Her.

Uncle, a Chimp Who Amuses Visitors to Atlantic City, and the Alley Cat He Recently Adopted. The Feline Has No Fear of the Intelligent Simian and Prefers His Company to That of Other Cats.

[illegible] Great Britain Rights Reserved.



"Give and take," say I

One thing which makes Old Santa so popular is that he gives so much and asks so little. Ditto for ice-cold Coca-Cola. It gives you America's favorite moment . . . *the pause that refreshes* . . . for only 5¢.

You're invited to "The Song Shop". . . at your radio. Listen! You'll be glad you did. Columbia network — 10 P. M., E.S.T., Fridays.

"Fourth floor . . . hats, dresses, lingerie," says the elevator operator. And when you go shopping you get something you don't bargain for . . . you get hot, tired and thirsty.

After any busy day, it's a thrill to come home to *the pause that refreshes* . . . with a frosty bottle of ice-cold Coca-Cola right from your own refrigerator.

There's one bargain counter everybody knows . . . the soda fountain . . . offering you *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola for only 5¢.

THIRST ASKS NOTHING MORE

I Don't Take Mental Cases

by Ruth Burr Sanborn

A Lonely Professor Inherits Great Wealth, Marries a Beautiful Woman, Becomes a Prisoner to Fear of Murder in His Own Home and Is Killed by a Mysterious Shot—A Thrilling New Detective Mystery Novel

Persicha and Timothy Stood Facing Gaskett. "So that's your accomplice," Said the Sheriff

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

A [illegible]AK will executed by a [illegible] student as a joke [illegible] previously brings $11-[illegible] Homer Hull, middle-[illegible] professor at Sill [illegible] North Carolina. This sudden wealth is too much for the [illegible] and makes him a nervous [illegible] who fears that all who come [illegible] murder him.

While Hull is sitting on the terrace of his [illegible] to his nurse [illegible] the fire alarm [illegible] Miss Potts starts for him, but he makes a violent gesture [illegible] Meter [illegible] the nurse [illegible] this is her second [illegible] nurse plaster falling from the [illegible] Miss [illegible] finds Hull [illegible] Dan'l Firkin [illegible] detective [illegible] of P[illegible] Cardigan and Sheriff Gaskett are summoned. Firkin [illegible] the guests for it is still early morning.

[illegible] in the house at the time of the murder are Lamar [illegible] Paul Kessing, who expects to marry Persicha; Ausable Jones, Hull's attorney, in love with Lamar; Bannister, President of Sill College; Meter and the nurse.

The night before his murder Hull [illegible] Miss Potts that if anyone [illegible] that night the [illegible] Bannister as [illegible] a will leaving a [illegible] to the college and Bannister had been fanatically anxious to get Hull to endow a [illegible] of Archeology. Bannister is shocked when he learns that Hull had not signed the will.

CHAPTER IV.

Check-up.

I HAD to tell my story first, because I was the only one that was supposed to know anything. They made me go over and over it. Gaskett led off, with Cardigan coming in now [illegible] a big [illegible] like [illegible] instruments in an orchestra that doesn't have much to do but does it so loud it so[illegible] is important. And once in a while Dan'l Firkin would ask something.

"So the way you tell it," Gaskett said, "you went out at five o'clock. You got Mr Hull settled and went back on the terrace, and you heard the clock strike again. You say it was the quarter. How do you know it wasn't the half?"

"It strikes longer for the half," I told him. "I heard that later, and the quarter-to. The quarter-past was right before the fire alarm rang."

Gaskett nodded to Dan'l. "Check," he said. I don't think he relished Dan'l's being there. He took pleasure giving him orders. He turned back to me [illegible] "How long after that was it [illegible] you heard the shot?"

[illegible] I took a big breath and [illegible] "I didn't hear any shot."

"You didn't hear any shot?" Gaskett shouted at me. "Where were you?"

"I was right on the terrace the whole time."

"You were on the terrace and [illegible] hear any shot! How [illegible] were you asleep?"

"Asleep your grandmother!" I said tartly. "I wasn't asleep at all."

"And what would I believe that for?"

"Because Miss Potts says so," said Dr. Reddencote. He was quite a help to me at first, but after a while he had to leave. They carried the body down to the undertaker's and performed the autopsy there.

"I told you," I repeated, "that when the fire alarm blew, I started down to Mr Hull but he motioned me away. I stood two-three minutes watching him, maybe a little longer. When I came back Mr. Meter spoke to me out of the window. He came right down and was there all the rest of the time."

"That right?" Gaskett barked at Meter.

"Yes."

"And you didn't hear any shot either?"

"I didn't hear anything that I recognized then as a shot," Meter said slowly. "I did hear a noise. Later, that was, when we were standing at the farther end of the terrace. I suppose now that must have been what it was."

"But you didn't hear it!" Gaskett said to me, sarcastic.

"I heard what he heard," I said. "It sounded like a door slamming."

"I thought at the time it was a door slamming," Meter said. "But now I think it must have been the shot. It's the only way to explain it."

"I thought then it was a door slamming," I said stubbornly, "and I think now it was a door slamming."

Gaskett switched off from that, seeing he couldn't make me give up. "And after Mr Meter came downstairs what did you do then?"

"We just sat on the terrace and talked."

"What did you talk about?"

"About Mr. Hull."

"Oh. And what about Mr Hull?"

I hated to say it. "Mr Meter thought Mr Hull was in danger."

"Oh. And what made him think that?"

"Well, the plaster falling, for one thing. He kind of thought somebody did it on purpose."

"Didn't happen to say who, did he?"

"No."

"That must have been an awful interesting conversation," Gaskett said slyly. "You must have paid close attention."

"If you mean," I said, "that I forgot about Mr Hull, you're mistaken. I didn't hardly take my eyes off him."

"Then while you were watching Mr Hull, maybe Mr Meter might have stepped around the corner."

"Mr Meter didn't go off the terrace," I said real short. "That's what I was there for, to see that nobody [illegible] Mr Hull. And if you think Mr Meter sat there right beside me and pulled out a gun and shot him without my knowing it, then you're mistaken again."

"But if you were watching Mr Hull as close as you say you were," said Gaskett, "then how could you watch Mr Meter too?"

"Can't I see but one thing at a time?" I demanded. "Why right this minute I can see you—not that it's much of a sight—and I can see Mrs Hull sitting in a red leather chair smoking a cigarette in a red holder, and Mr Kessing in a red leather chair beside Miss Persicha on the sofa and Mr. Bannister in a white leather chair [illegible] upset-[illegible] and Mr Meter [illegible] the fireplace and Mr Jones."

"Smart, aren't you," said Gaskett.

"I wouldn't go so far's to say that," I told him, "but I'm maybe not more'n half as dumb as I look."

I grant you it wasn't the right tone to take with the sheriff. But I was born and brought up with the Potts temper. "Then you can swear," he said, too quiet, "that Mr. Meter did not shoot Mr Hull after he joined you on the terrace?"

"Yes I can," I said.

"And you, Mr Meter, can no doubt swear the same thing about Miss Potts?"

"Yes," said Meter.

"All right," said Gaskett. "Now then. From the time Mr Meter came downstairs just after the fire alarm blew, you two can alibi each other. But how about this? You admit, Miss Potts, that you were alone with Mr. Hull from five o'clock until some minutes after five-fifteen. During that time you admit that you once approached Mr Hull, but changed your mind and turned back before you reached him, in itself a peculiar procedure. Now [illegible] what was there [illegible] from shooting Mr Hull [illegible]"

[illegible] "But there's only one [illegible] from shooting you right this minute [illegible] that is I haven't any gun."

I [illegible] would have [illegible] if Dan'l Firkin hadn't come back just then. "Right," he said. "The Sycamore Drive box was pulled in at five-nineteen. Randy was on the desk. He put in the calls for the men and blew the whistle and the apparatus went right out. Three minutes, he says, prob'ly five. It was a false alarm. They cruised around a while and knocked up two or three houses but they didn't find anything [illegible]"

"Maybe the murderer did it," boomed Chief Cardigan.

"Sure," said Gaskett. "I guess I hadn't made him any better-[illegible] If I'm going to [illegible] first thing I do is [illegible] to watch me do it."

"[illegible] I was right," I remarked. "Not that it makes much difference."

"It makes a lot of difference," Dan'l said slowly. "Mr Hull was alive when the fire alarm blew. You saw him moving, Miss Potts. Should you think the fire alarm made enough noise to cover the sound of a shot?"

"Yes," I said, "as far as that goes. But I saw Mr Hull moving long after that."

"You did?" said Dan'l quickly. "How long after?"

I thought it over careful. "It must have been close to six o'clock," I said. "I heard the quarter [illegible] strike [illegible] but I [illegible] hear the [illegible] that [illegible] because we were at the farther end of the terrace. We stepped down to see if there were any signs of the fire, and the reason I thought of the fire just then was because Mr Hull straightened out his legs, and it was when the alarm blew that he put them up. When I looked at my watch, it was ten minutes past six. I don't believe we could have stood there much more than ten minutes."

"How about it?" Gaskett asked Meter.

"Oh, it's true," Meter said. "I saw him moving myself. He was alive then, all right. He straightened out his legs, and it's my impression he turned his head on the pillow."

"You didn't mention that," Gaskett said to me.

"I didn't notice it," I admitted. "I paid more attention to his legs, because I'd been wondering if having his legs up so would make a draught and I'd ought to tuck him in."

Dan'l said slowly: "Dr. Reddencote, should you say it was possible for Mr Hull to have been shot at early as five-nineteen and not to have died till nearly six?"

[illegible] said Dr. R[illegible]

[illegible] At five o'clock Miss Potts [illegible] Mr Hull [illegible] At six [illegible] Miss [illegible] 19 the fire alarm blows and Miss Potts runs out on the lawn again. At 5 24 or so the apparatus comes up the hill and Miss Potts returns to the terrace and Mr Meter [illegible] and they [illegible] They [illegible] a minute or two before six. At that time they see Mr Hull moving. Then they walk down to the lower end of the terrace and stand there till 6 10. What made you decide to take Mr Hull in then, Miss Potts? Did he call you? Or cry out?"

"Oh no," I said. "There wasn't any cry then or ever. I just got nervous about him. That was the time Mr Meter told me about the plaster falling. And I heard a door slam, and thought folks might be getting up. And I had a funny feeling, too, as if we might have been overheard."

"Very interesting!" said Gaskett.

And Persicha sat up suddenly as white as the white sofa she leaned on, and said: "I was the one who overheard you. I was standing at my window looking out."

"Can you repeat what you heard?" Dan'l said gently.

And Persicha repeated without inflection, as if it were a piece she had learned off by heart: "Miss Potts asked who had the room over his. Mr. Meter said there wasn't any room over his. He said it was an open garret. He said there was a storage tank that leaked. He said he wasn't here but [illegible] worked up and [illegible] Miss Potts [illegible]"

I turned to Dan'l quickly. "That's right," I said eagerly. "It's an alibi for her."

"It's an alibi for somebody," Dan'l agreed gravely. And I saw what he was thinking: that Kessing's room was next door, and he might have told Persicha.

"Look here," boomed Cardigan, "what's to hinder he was shot from one of the upper windows?"

Dr. Reddencote shook his head again. "Not possible, at that angle."

And Dan'l said softly: "He was shot from the top of the wall."

"That so?" cried Kessing brightly. "Then that lets us all out. Anybody from outside might have shot him."

"Yes," said Dan'l, "or anyone from inside who went out."

"There's no way to go out," said Lamar quickly, "after the place is locked up for the night."

"There's one way," said Dan'l.

"What you talking about?" said Gaskett irritably. "As I [illegible] stated [illegible] Miss Potts, you were the last to see Mr. Hull and the first to see him dead."

"[illegible] in a way," I said.

[illegible] shortly before six [illegible] Mr. Meter [illegible] Mr Hull [illegible] Miss Potts [illegible] Mr Hull [illegible]

[illegible] La[illegible] wasn't [illegible] tears [illegible] anything about her, I'd have said she felt terrible bad over Mr Hull's death. She felt bad over something, anyway.

"I blame myself," she said. "He kept telling me this would happen, and I didn't believe him. If I'd been [illegible] perhaps he would have been alive now."

"What do you mean, more careful?" Gaskett asked her.

"Oh, I don't know," she said [illegible] Stayed with him [illegible] Had some decent guards instead of just a practical nurse." I was in no position to resent her words. "But you see, I thought he was just imagining things. And all the time they were real."

"You knew the plaster's falling was real, didn't you?" Dan'l said.

"Oh, yes. But I believed what they told me about that, that it was just an accident."

"Who told you?"

"Ausable Jones," said Lamar. And added instantly: "Everybody told me."

"So you told her it was just an accident, did you?" said Gaskett.

"Of course I did," said Ausable Jones calmly. He fitted his fingers together. "At the time, no other explanation presented itself. There is a storage tank in the garret. It leaked. The water backed up under the flooring and soaked the plaster. The plaster fell. The very nature of the affair precluded suspicion of [illegible] that it fell while Mr Hull was in his bath [illegible] coincidence that he was reaching for the soap when it fell. However, I am [illegible]

[illegible] I said good night and went upstairs. My head was aching, and I took a headache tablet and went straight to bed. The [illegible] thing [illegible]"

"I thought you said it was a sleeping powder you took," said Dan'l.

"It's all the same," said Lamar. "The next thing I knew I was dreaming about a [illegible] She grew [illegible] laughing through her tears [illegible] And [illegible] you with a washcloth."

"How long [illegible] after Mr Patrick [illegible]"

[illegible]

"I [illegible] how long after he [illegible] your room this morning."

"He wasn't in my room."

"How do you know," said Gaskett, "if you were sound asleep?"

"I don't know," she [illegible] "You're just trying to trap me. He may have been there. You may have been. The whole town may have been there. How should I know?"

"Was Mr Patrick in the habit of coming to your room?"

"I resent that," said [illegible] Patrick.

"Do you?" said Dan'l softly. "Then answer it."

"No."

"Then it was something special that took you there this morning? Something you wanted to get? Or leave, perhaps?"

"I tell you I wasn't in there," said Patrick sullenly.

"All right," said Dan'l. "Then will you explain why the curtains were swinging when I broke into your room?"

[illegible]

"There wasn't any wind."

"The draft when you opened the [illegible]"

"You're such a breezy person," [illegible] Kessing.

[illegible] slippers on."

"But I have slippers on," said Patrick.

[illegible] gan Patrick.

"You got cold feet," said Kessing.

"I had too many [illegible] Suppers? I think I did learn [illegible] to shuffle [illegible] In my day I've been [illegible] top hat and spats."

"Have you got a gun?" Gaskett barked at Lamar.

"No," she said. And [illegible] crying [illegible] said. "Yes [illegible] struck me that after that [illegible] her answers [illegible] stubbing the end of her cigarette holder into the [illegible] her chair.

[illegible]

"I [illegible] it. It was [illegible] to me."

"Who gave it to you?" Mr Patrick?"

"I don't remember," she said. "I've had it a long time. I can't remember every little thing that was ever given to her."

"Did you give it to her, Mr Patrick?"

"Very likely," said Kirt Patrick. "I've given her [illegible] everything in my time. I [illegible] gave her a divorce."

"You did not give [illegible] you great brute. I [illegible]"

(Continued on Page 16)

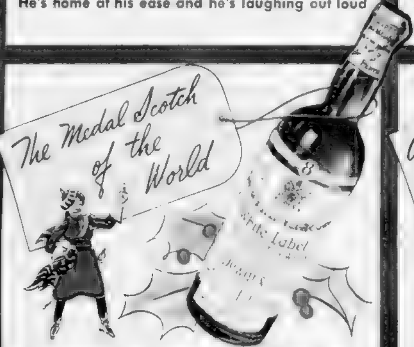
"Her bag was on the dressing-table," Said Persicha. "I took the key."

[illegible] American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights R[illegible]

'Tis the week before Christmas and all over town
The last minute rushing is getting folks down;
But wise Johnny Foresight's not caught in the crowd
He's home at his ease and he's laughing out loud

Yes, all of his shopping is finished, what's more,
'Twas done in a jiffy, 'most all in one store.
Allow us to show you just how the trick's done
And make your shopping easy, perhaps even fun.

A gift, surely welcome, to send to a friend,
What friendlier choice than this mild tasting blend.


The Medal Scotch of the World
White Label

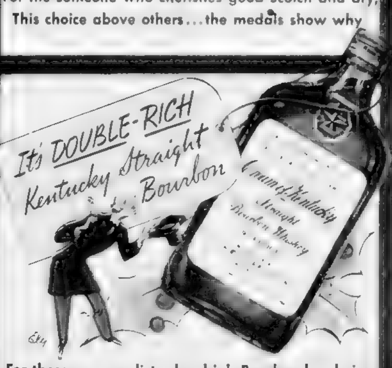
For the someone who cherishes good Scotch and dry,
This choice above others . . . the medals show why

A Barrel of Quality in Every Bottle
OLD QUAKER

A rich tasting whiskey, but not much to spend?
Old Quaker's the present that you want to send.

Has had no Peers for 50 Years
SCHENLEY'S
Golden Wedding

If quality first is the rule you would follow,
This time honored whiskey's delightful to swallow.



For those on your list who drink Bourbon by choice,
A "double-rich" Bourbon to make them rejoice.

If you have a problem,
no matter what kind,
Come on in and see us,
the answer we'll find.
Here's how to shop both
with wisdom and haste

SAY IT WITH SCHENLEY—
IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TASTE!

BACARDI GOLD LABEL RUM [illegible] proof . . . DUBONNET WINE [illegible] SCHENLEY'S [illegible] Distilled from [illegible] SCHENLEY'S [illegible] Straight Whiskey [illegible] Available in Bourbon or Rye . . . SCHENLEY'S BLACK LABEL Blended Whiskey [illegible] proof [illegible] OLD SCHENLEY [illegible] Bottled in Bond [illegible]

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF GIFTS . . . FROM THE TREASURE HOUSE OF

SCHENLEY

SCHENLEY'S RED LABEL Blended Whiskey, 9[illegible] proof, 7[illegible] grain neutral spirits . . . DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 proof . . . OLD QUAKER BRAND Straight Whiskey 90 proof Available in Bourbon or Rye . . . SCHENLEY'S GOLDEN WEDDING Blended Straight Whiskies 90 proof As you prefer in Bourbon or Rye . . . SCHENLEY'S CREAM OF KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 90 proof . . . Copyright 1937, SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

I Don't Take Mental Cases by Ruth Burr Sanborn

(Continued from Page 14)

out at him. "I fought for it every step of the way."

"All right," said Patrick. "I [illegible] give you the divorce and probably I didn't give you the [illegible]."

"What [illegible] was it?" said Gaskett.

"A little black one," said Lamar.

"[illegible] what calibre?"

[illegible] It was [illegible]

"I see," said Dan'l. "And I saw, too, why she had [illegible]."

"Where did you keep [illegible]?"

"I didn't keep it anywhere special. In fact I'm not sure that I had it here at all. Only it does seem as if I'd seen it around somewhere. It might be in my desk drawer; there are a lot of odds and ends in there."

"I'll go see," said Cardigan importantly.

"Who else had a gun?" said Gaskett.

"I have," said Meter. "It's a [illegible] and so far as I know it's [illegible] a pair of [illegible] in [illegible]."

"[illegible]?"

"[illegible]," said Meter. "In fact [illegible] I won [illegible] at the Piedmont Country Club."

"I [illegible]," said Dan'l. "I saw [illegible] good."

"Thanks," said Meter.

CHAPTER V.

Persicha's Story

GASKETT asked everybody else about the guns then, but nobody admitted having any except William Shakespeare Bew. That was an [illegible] which had been given to Homer Hull as a souvenir after the war, and which was now kept [illegible] in the garage for trespassers, Shakespeare said.

"Did you ever use it?" Gaskett asked him.

"No, suh," said Shakespeare. "Ah don't [illegible] dat gun, not [illegible] a poppin hoe. Dat gun got [illegible] to it."

"But if Mr. Hull gave you the gun for trespassers you were supposed to keep a look-out, weren't you?"

"Yassuh. Ah looks out fo' de trees-passin'."

"Now, as I understand it, one of the windows in your room looks down [illegible] the drive and the other overlooks the right-hand wall of the estate. Is that right?"

"Yassuh. Dat right."

"Then if there had been anyone outside last night, either in the drive or near the wall, you could have seen him from your windows?"

"Yassuh."

"Did you see anybody?"

"Nossuh. Ah don' see nobody."

"Were your window-shades down all night the way I found them this morning?" Dan'l asked.

"Yassuh."

"Then you wouldn't have been likely to see anyone, would you?"

The utter blankness that only a scolded darky's face can assume descended upon Shakespeare. It is a real gift not to look any way at all. And Dan'l asked, "What did you have the shades down for?"

Shakespeare did not answer. But Crystal cried shrilly, "Dey was a moon."

"Well? What about it?"

"Don' yo' know?" said Crystal.

"I reached for my gun," said Timothy, "and fired one shot after him in the air."

"Eff[illegible] [illegible] sons [illegible] worst. Ah keeps [illegible] strength."

"Then there might easily have been someone outside without [illegible]."

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] say [illegible] stairs [illegible] the garage [illegible] case [illegible]. That [illegible] might [illegible] taken it and used it and [illegible] it back."

"Dey [illegible] git in de garage," Shakespeare assured him earnestly. "Ah [illegible] up fast w'en Ah [illegible]. Yassuh. Dey's [illegible] an' a good strong padlock on de li'l do'."

"How long," said Dan'l, "has the glass been broken out of the little door?"

"Ah ain' seed no glass bruk out'n de do'. Nossuh. Ah always keeps [illegible] Mr. H[illegible] [illegible]."

"[illegible] glass broken out when you locked up last night?"

"No suh. Ah seems sho' if'n he bruk."

"Then," said [illegible] "[illegible] after that. Somebody with a hand small enough to go through the broken pane and undo the padlock. He would then have had free passage to the outside of the wall from which Mr. Hull was shot."

"He'd need a key," said Gaskett. "Who had keys?"

"Dey two keys," Shakespeare explained elaborately. "[illegible] lock [illegible] padlock. [illegible] she got [illegible] keys. One Mis' Hull keep [illegible] Ah keeps [illegible]." He [illegible] a great paw into his pocket and brought out a padlock key of a rather intricate design, which he handed over to Gaskett. "Dat mah puss'n'l key," he said proudly. "Mis' Hull she git'm made fo' me puss'n'ly, so Ah locks m'se'f in an' out."

"[illegible] the [illegible]," [illegible] Gaskett [illegible].

"[illegible] Mis' Hull wid all de res' de keys ev'y night w'en Ah locks up. Dat Mis' Hull's orders, suh."

"Oh," said Gaskett. "So you had keys."

"I always had them," said Lamar. "It was one of poor [illegible] whims to have the place locked up every night."

"And was it one of his whims to have you keep the keys? Or did he think Shakespeare had them?"

"I—I don't know," said Lamar.

"[illegible] the trouble [illegible] have one of those too."

"I thought it was better to have a whole set," said Lamar, "in case one got lost or anything."

It [illegible] There was [illegible] set on Homer Hull's ring. But I didn't say anything. And to my surprise Gaskett let it go and turned again to Shakespeare.

"What time did you lock up last night?"

"Tin suh [illegible]."

"And you [illegible] the keys over to Mrs. Hull as usual?"

"Yassuh."

"Where was she at that time?"

"In de game room. Playin' keards, suh."

"Who was with her?"

"Mist' Pat[illegible] [illegible] an' Mist' Jones. [illegible]."

"So they all saw you give her the keys?"

"Yassuh."

"Everybody in the house knew I kept them at night," said Lamar quickly.

"Oh," said Gaskett. "And when Shakespeare brought them to you last night what did you [illegible] with them?"

"I put them in my bag, a small flowered bag that matched my gown. I laid it on the dressing table, I think, when I went up. I expect you'll still find it there."

"The bag was not at any time out of your possession before you went upstairs?"

"No. Of course not."

"You didn't drop it out of your lap while you were playing?"

"Well, yes, I do remember now that when I got up it was on the floor. The catch unfastened and some of the things fell out."

"Did the keys fall out?"

"Some of them."

"Was the garage key among them?"

"I didn't notice."

"You didn't count the keys afterward to make sure they were all there?"

"No. Why should I?"

"And who picked up the bag and the keys?"

"I really don't remember."

"I did," said Ausable Jones.

"Supposing the key to have [illegible] of Mr. [illegible] might have come in after [illegible]."

"My [illegible] was locked. [illegible]"

"N[illegible] came in before you locked it?"

"No. Persicha [illegible] her head in to say good night, but she didn't come in."

"I see. But anyone on that side of the house who had access to the balcony might have come in, and anyone from the other side might have passed through Mr. Jones' room to the balcony."

"I [illegible]," said Ausable Jones.

"[illegible] if you [illegible]," said Gaskett. "[illegible] it looks as if you did."

Dan'l [illegible] to the foot of the stairs [illegible] Cardigan. [illegible]

"[illegible]," said Cardigan. "There's no gun there. But here's the bag you wanted."

Gaskett [illegible] up a coffee table and poured the contents of the bag [illegible]. There was [illegible] and a [illegible]. [illegible] which the padlock key that Shakespeare had produced.

[illegible]

"[illegible] to have you [illegible] before you leave this room."

I knew what was going to happen before it came, because I had been watching Persicha. Her eyes had been growing bigger and bigger till they consumed her small bright face in their burning darkness. Her mouth was drawn together tight, as if in pain barely borne. Now she opened a dark blue purse in her lap. She fumbled inside. Her voice was a raveled thread of sound.

"Here it is," she said.

She laid the mate to Shakespeare's garage key in Gaskett's extended palm.

* * *

In the excitement over Persicha's revelation, I thought some of the others got off easier than they deserved. Kessing said he'd had some billiards after dinner until he won all his money away from himself. He had watched the card game for a little, chatted with Lamar while she was dummy. He couldn't find Persicha. He was bored and went to bed. He was always a sound sleeper. The first he knew Cardigan was shaking him.

Kessing's manner was outright flippant. "I often felt like murdering the old boy," he said, "but I couldn't think of any good way to do it. I was never very practical. That's why I've got to marry well. Isn't that right, Persicha?"

Ausable Jones said again that he was a light sleeper. He was [illegible] several times and had [illegible] the alarm, of course. [illegible] instantly when [illegible] to him. He had not heard a door slam. He had not heard a shot. He had acted as Mr. Hull's legal adviser ever since the [illegible] will was found. Later, after Mr. Hull's illness, he had [illegible] an annual retaining fee [illegible] for his entire services. [illegible] Mr. Hull's death was a financial loss as well as a personal sorrow.

"You got along pretty well with Mrs. Hull, didn't you?" Gaskett asked him.

"It's a most difficult situation," said Ausable Jones austerely. "Mrs. Hull has shown me every courtesy."

[illegible] Meter said he had gone [illegible] immediately after the [illegible] broke up, and had slept [illegible]. The fire alarm had roused him and he sprang out of bed half awake, not realizing at first what the trouble was. When he reached the window, he saw the [illegible] standing on the lawn with her back to the house. He waited till she returned, and then spoke to her.

President Bannister furnished the only special interest. He had gone to his room directly after [illegible], he said, and had spent nearly three hours writing letters. There was a pile on his desk now if they cared to verify his statement. Then he went to bed.

"And do you always sleep with your [illegible]?" Gaskett asked him.

"[illegible] not," he said. "However, perhaps I should explain that I am extremely near-sighted. I am completely dependent on my glasses; without them I can see nothing. It is, therefore, my custom to wear them until I get into bed. I then remove them and place them on the bedside table."

"Then if you get up in the night you put them on again?"

"Always."

"And at what time did you put them on again last night?"

"I did not put them on again. I forgot to remove them. You will understand that since I wear them continually, I am no longer aware of their presence; it is an easy error to make. Last night, upon retiring, I read for some time. I then turned out the bedside lamp, and omitted to remove the glasses."

"If you were reading in bed, how does it happen that all the books and papers were on a table at the opposite side of the room?"

"When I finished reading," said Bannister, "I got up and looped back the curtains, with the thought that more air might thus be admitted. I laid my book on the table where it belonged. I returned to bed. I forgot to remove my glasses."

"And though they are the nose type, you wore them all night without their falling off, or becoming in any way disarranged."

"I am a quiet sleeper," said Bannister.

"And your quiet sleep was in no way broken? You did not hear a door slam? Or a shot? Or the fire alarm?"

"No."

"How do you explain," said Gaskett, "Mr. Hull's statement that if he was killed last night, you would be the one to do it?"

"I do not attempt to explain any of my unhappy colleague's statements. He was, as we all know, not himself."

"But you admit that if the will which he made yesterday had been in order, his death would have been of advantage, not to you personally, but to a cause which you have at heart."

"My dear sir," said Bannister suavely, "I trust you do not believe for an instant that I took the matter of this will seriously. No one under the circumstances could do so. We all know Mr. Hull's infirmity. You have heard Mr. Jones' statement that no will made in his condition would have been honored by the courts. I came here out of pure friendship for my former colleague. When yesterday he insisted on making a will endowing a chair of Anthropology, Ethnology and Archeology at Sill College, I humored him. I could do no less. I am sure that you appreciate my position."

They let it go at that, because of Persicha. But I didn't forget what Homer Hull had told me, nor how Bannister had looked when he first learned that the will was not signed.

"Ye[illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] from the [illegible] out of the [illegible]."

"Where did you get the key?"

"Out of my mother's room."

"When?"

"I don't know exactly. About three perhaps. Her bag was on the dressing table. I saw it when I said good night. I thought the key would be in it."

"And you had no difficulty in getting the key without rousing her?"

"No."

"She was sound asleep then?"

"N[illegible] Yes. I mean—"

"W[illegible] what [illegible] you mean?"

"I mean she wasn't there," blurted Persicha wretchedly.

And Lamar cried before anyone could speak: "She is mistaken. It was dark. Of course I was there."

But I had seen her eyes plunge desperate and unguarded toward Kirt Patrick, and away.

I thought myself that Gaskett would have done better to press the point. But he didn't. Instead, he went on with Persicha.

"How did you get into your mother's room?"

"By the door."

"The door was locked."

"It couldn't have been, could it, if I [illegible] in?" [illegible] Persicha anxiously.

"Never mind the door," said Gaskett. "Did you take the gun at the same time?"

"No," said Persicha.

I don't like to remember, to this day, what happened next. And the first thing I knew, there I was doing what I've spoken of, thinking myself inside of Persicha till it was as if her feelings were a part of me.

Maybe it'll strike you funny, a dyed-in-the-wool New England old maid letting on to herself she was like a person as young and lovely as Persicha Hull, with the background of wealth unrolled behind her like a painted curtain, and everybody wanting to marry her. But I tell you I had the sense of her all the same, walking in darkness through that unhappy house with the shadow of Homer Hull's doom hanging over her, and her own doubts swelling up with her breath, and not a soul to turn to: not her mother, carrying on with Kirt Patrick, or worse, and not the cold, legal Jones, nor the cold, academic Bannister, and not even the young men who claimed to love her.

I could see now that she did not love them back, not Kessing and not Meter. I thought, perhaps she did not even trust them. And it came to me how terrible it would be never to dare to take love freely, but always to doubt if it was born of money.

I wished that I had come there sooner. Persicha could have talked out her heart to me then. Now it was too late. Persicha would never talk out her heart to anyone, because they were tearing it out of her a shred at a time for everyone to see.

"When did you put on the clothes you've got on now?"

"After I said good night to [illegible] mother."

"And what were you getting all dressed-up like that for in the middle of the night?"

"I—was going away."

"Away? Where?"

"Just away." And the [illegible] came bleeding out of her. "I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Stand what?"

"The way things were," [illegible] said brokenly. "I was [illegible] something would happen [illegible] Homer. I was going after [illegible]."

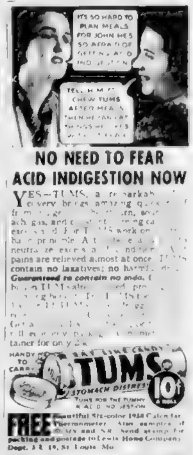
"What made you think something was going to happen to Mr. Hull?"

"Because he said so."

"I ask you," said Gaskett, "[illegible] you didn't think so because [illegible] to [illegible] something [illegible] to him?"

"Oh, no. No," said Persicha. "I was fond of Homer. He [illegible] always good to me."

(Continued on Page 17)



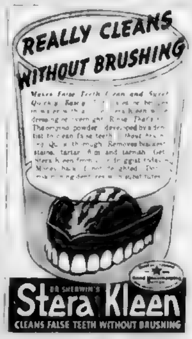
IT'S SO HARD TO PLAN MEALS FOR JOHN HE'S SO AFRAID OF [illegible] ACID INDIGESTION
TELL HIM TO CHEW TUMS AFTER MEALS THEN HE CAN EAT THINGS HE [illegible]

NO NEED TO FEAR ACID INDIGESTION NOW

YES—TUMS, a remarkable [illegible] discovery brings amazing quick [illegible] from [illegible] heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and [illegible] excess acid. For TUMS work on the [illegible] principle. A [illegible] neutralize excess acid [illegible] pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful [illegible]. *Guaranteed to contain no soda.* [illegible] TUMS [illegible] [illegible] Get a [illegible] economy package [illegible] container for only 25c.

HANDY TO CARRY
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
FOR STOMACH DISTRESS
TUMS FOR THE TUMMY [illegible] ACID INDIGESTION
10¢

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar Thermometer. Also samples of [illegible] and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Company, Dept. 5 E 49, St. Louis, Mo.



REALLY CLEANS WITHOUT BRUSHING

Makes False Teeth Clean and Sweet Quickly. Easy [illegible] in water with a [illegible] Stera-Kleen while dressing or overnight. Rinse. That's [illegible] The original powder developed by a dentist to clean false teeth without brushing. Quick, thorough. Removes blackest stains, tartar, film and tarnish. Get Stera-Kleen from your druggist today. Money back if not delighted. [illegible]

DR. SHERWIN'S Stera Kleen

CLEANS FALSE TEETH WITHOUT BRUSHING

"I TOLD YOU I WOULD SPANK YOU IF YOU ATE CRACKERS IN BED AGAIN"

SPANK THAT COUGH WITH *PERTUSSIN!*

● A cough should not be neglected. [illegible] [illegible] Pertussin for over [illegible] years [illegible] acts quickly. Sold at all drug stores.

PERTUSSIN

Large Trial Bottle for 10¢

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AW-[illegible], 440 Washington St., N. Y. C. Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10c.

Name ______

Address ______

BETTER LOOKING HAIR IN HALF A MINUTE

NEW! Wildroot with Oil

1 QUICK EASY GROOMING... The time tested Wildroot formula plus pure vegetable oil that relieves dry scalp and keeps hair neatly in place without that [illegible] slicked down look.

2 REMOVES UGLY DANDRUFF. Use Wildroot with Oil every morning. Massage for half a minute. See how its antiseptic cleansing action removes dandruff, stops itching, leaves scalp cool, clean, refreshed.

3 HELPS CHECK PREMATURE BALDNESS... Removes dandruff crust which acts as protective covering for micro organisms that cause seborrheic eczema, common scalp infection blamed for 70% to 80% of early hair loss.

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC *with Oil*

Try this—you'll like it to relieve ITCHING SKIN

Whether itching and burning is from eczema or similar external caused irritation, bathe the tortured parts with Resinol Soap—especially suited to tender skin—then apply Resinol Ointment. Resinol contains ingredients well known and often used by doctors in treating skin disorders. It gives quick, satisfying relief and aids healing.

RESINOL OINTMENT and SOAP

What Did the Saviour Look Like? An Exhibition of 1,000 Paintings by Artists of Many Nations Shows a Wide Difference

(Continued from Double Page)

contained many burial places for the dead. Heaphy speaks of it as a chapel.

"The most important statement," says Mr. Dobson, "is that the likeness was in the ceiling, and several reasons may be found to account for this unusual position. The early Christians were wont to cover the faces of their dead with a small linen cloth or handkerchief upon which had been drawn the outline of Our Lord's face. The custom was prompted by the desire to express the belief that the dead were sheltered beneath Christ. In this case, as it was a family vault with many loculi (cavities for bodies), the artist evidently elected to place his face in the ceiling for the purpose of covering all those interred instead of placing his likeness on each one separately.

"There may also have been other reasons which influenced the selection of the ceiling. The early Christians lived in daily expectation of Our Lord's return which they believed to be imminent. The existence of any likeness of Our Lord at so early a date was largely due to the desire for assurance that they would recognize Him when He came. The gradual passing away of the Apostles, and those who had actually seen the Lord, must have given rise to a special desire that His outward appearance should not be forgotten. The existence of any likeness of Our Lord in the first two centuries is rare, and there seems to have been some reluctance to depict Him, which is later voiced by Origen, Tertullian and others. Any such picture would, therefore, be the exception for the above reasons.

"Apart from the picture itself the whole circumstances suggest that this likeness was executed with the utmost care, and if so it follows that care would also have been taken to make it as true to life as any information available at the time could make it. Executed quite probably within the lifetime of some who had actually seen the Lord, it is unbelievable that no effort should have been made to make it accurate from the descriptions available. We shall, indeed, hope to show that there was actually in existence in Rome a small outline cloth drawing probably executed by St. Peter himself at the time this Catacomb was constructed and used by the Christians before the end of the First Century. Domitilia's husband was put to death in 95 A. D. and Achilleo and Nereo, whose names the Catacomb has since borne, were martyred at the same time, or shortly afterwards. The frescoes were executed for an early and wealthy burial, probably that of Domitilia's husband, the Consul Flavius Clemens. The very early date of the picture is also shown by the absence of any nimbus, or halo, which became common later."

The picture, according to artists, shows the marks of portraiture by one who knew his subject from direct observation. The hair is dark and reaches to the shoulders. This was not the Roman custom, but in Palestine the hair was quite customarily worn to the shoulders. Short-cut hair would have been so prominent a feature that Mr. Dobson thinks it would have been mentioned in some record.

"The main features of the likeness can only have come from true knowledge," says the Reverend author. "The artist must have had close knowledge of Him and His story. The face is strong and full of character and yet yearning, wistful and sympathetic. It contains the kind of feeling which modern painters, steeped in the Gospel narrative, seek to introduce into their pictures."

There is still another likeness in Rome attributed to St. Peter who is said to have drawn it from memory with "ink and a stylus" on a small handkerchief at the request of St. Prassedes and St. Prudentiana, daughters of Pudens and Claudia. It is still preserved as a most jealously guarded relic in the Church of St. Prassedes at Rome. There is a long chain of evidence indicating that this is an authentic likeness from life, on account of the intimacy of SS. Prassedes and Prudentiana with SS. Peter and Paul in the years immediately following the Crucifixion. It was shown to the Empress Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, on her arrival at Rome about 320 A. D., as a highly prized relic in those early days. Helena took careful measures for its preservation and had it encased in a framework of silver and enamel which still exists. The Reverend Mr. Dobson argues that this and the two fresco likenesses are the earliest ever painted of the Saviour.

The early Christian custom of covering the faces of the dead with a cloth bearing the likeness of Christ accounts for this picture in the Church of St. Prassedes. Historians state that St. Prassedes and her sister St. Prudentiana were actually engaged in the work of rescuing the remains of martyrs put to death by the Emperor Nero and interring them in the grounds of the house of their father, Pudens. The sacred cloth was provided for these blessed martyrs.

Pudens is mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistle to Timothy as a Roman of high position and a devoted Christian, together with his wife, Claudia. The licentious poet, Martial, was also a friend of Pudens and wrote two epigrams, one extolling the beauty and talent of his young British wife Claudia on the occasion of their marriage, and the other commemorating the birth of their third child. In his epigram about the birth of this child, Martial speaks of Pudens as pious and uses a noticeably restrained tone when writing about Pudens and Claudia. Indeed, in one place Martial refers to the rebuke he had received from Pudens for the tone of his writings. Evidently Pudens had then become a Christian, for he would hardly otherwise be referred to as pious, and unless he were a Christian we should not expect to find a leading Roman senator seeking to restrain the licentious tone of a friend's writings at an age when moral restraints among pagans were unknown.

Pudens is also remarkable because he married a British wife, Claudia, who is thought to have been the daughter of a minor king named Cogidubnus who ruled around the present town of Chichester. Pudens was engaged in the Roman invasion of Britain which ended in the subjugation of the celebrated British leader Caractacus, who was taken prisoner to Rome. Caractacus was spared instead of being ignominiously shamed and put to death, as was customary when the Romans captured a distinguished enemy. This humanity is supposed to have been due to the influence of Pudens. The Pudens family possessed great wealth, for we read that in their palace at Rome were four hundred slaves.

St. Paul, who arrived as a prisoner in Rome about 60 or 61 A. D., was for two years treated with great gentleness and then set at liberty. Again this leniency is attributed to the influence of Pudens. It is probable that Pudens was a half-brother of St. Paul. The Apostle's grandfather, a wealthy Benjamite of Tarsus, purchased Roman citizenship for himself and his family, and St. Paul's father, whose name was Davidus, thus inherited it by birth and added the Roman name Appius Tullius. St. Paul's mother's name was Prassedes. After his father's death the widow married the Roman senator Pudentinus and their son was Pudens. Another member of the Pudens family was the good Priscilla, mentioned in the Acts. St. Peter and St. Paul were welcomed in the home of Pudens and enjoyed a period of peace and toleration until the mad outbreak of persecution under Nero. St. Peter and St. Paul were martyred at Rome about 65 or 67 and St. Paul's own reference to Pudens and Claudia on the eve of his execution shows that the Apostles had been making their home with these Romans.

The Cathedral of St. Peter at Rome possesses an oak chair of great antiquity which tradition asserts to have been the senatorial chair of Pudens and in which St. Peter occasionally sat. The wooden communion table in St. John Lateran has been in continual use since the Fourth Century. Pope Sylvester ordered after this time that all altars should be of stone, and its preservation is probably due to the knowledge that it comes from the home of Pudens and Claudia and was used by St. Peter.

The Reverend Mr. Dobson paints an interesting pen picture of the circumstances under which the cloth likeness was made:

"The home of Pudens and Claudia with their two saintly daughters is the center of the Gentile Christian community, with Linus their brother presiding over it as bishop. Here St. Paul makes his headquarters after his release, when in Rome, and in this house St. Peter is a welcome guest, although mainly, as the apostle of the circumcision, attaching himself to the Jewish circle meeting in the house of Priscilla. In about A. D. 64, after the burning of Rome, the Neronian persecution burst out. St. Paul now appears to be on his missionary tour in the West, and we find St. Peter in Rome.

"The remains of the first victims are rescued by the two noble daughters of Pudens and interred in vaults in the grounds of their palace. Following prevalent custom they cover their faces with little cloths bearing the likeness of Christ. The presence of St. Peter prompts them to ask him to sketch Our Lord's likeness from memory upon one of them. This he does 'with ink and stylus,' probably using the latter for the outline, and filling in with ink. The cloth is looked upon as too precious actually to use for the purpose, but is preserved as a pattern from which other cloths are copied.

"The martyrdom of St. Peter followed probably in 65, and the writer inclines to the view that that of St. Paul took place somewhat later, about 67. This noble work of rescuing the remains of martyrs continues, and a little later St. Prudentiana constitutes a portion of the palace buildings into a small church, which has ever since borne her name. There can be little doubt but that the present church occupies the same site. The chamber in the basement of this church may well be a portion of the original building, and in its apse is what is claimed to be the oldest mosaic in Rome, in which may be seen portraits of Pudens, Claudia, their four children, and St. Paul, St. Peter, Clement, Hermas Pastor, and his brother Pius I.

"Adjoining this church is another ancient church, that of St. Prassedes, her sister. It occupies a site which lay within the same grounds.

"The cloth was in this church when St. Helena visited it and it has never left it. We have then in this relic what may be regarded as actually the earliest likeness still preserved, executed after Our Lord's Ascension and the outline of which bears the authority of St. Peter himself."

All four children of Pudens and Claudia suffered martyrdom subsequently, as did also Pudens himself. Claudia died a year after her husband's martyrdom and was spared the anguish of witnessing her children's sufferings.

In the loculi, in which bodies were laid in the Catacombs, are to be found the remains of small glass vessels, or paterae, with pictures executed upon them in gold leaf. The loculus would be cut in the wall of a passage or vault large enough to hold a body. Cement would be laid upon it and while still soft the small glass vessel would be placed upon it or pressed into it. Large numbers of these vessels have been found and extracted from their bed of cement. The design was worked into the under side of the vessel and covered with a thin layer of glass. It was made usually in gold and black, but occasionally colored enamel was used for a background. One portrait of St. Paul, for instance, has a beautiful background of blue enamel.

The subjects of the designs are occasionally illustrations of Old Testament stories, but more commonly they depict scenes from the Saviour's life, such as Christ the Good Shepherd, Christ Turning Water Into Wine, Christ Raising Lazarus, Christ Multiplying the Loaves and Fishes, etc. On many of the paterae the features of the traditional likeness appear as instanced by one showing St. Peter and St. Paul with a small figure of Christ above them in the center.

I Don't Take Mental Cases

by Ruth Burr Sanborn

(Continued from Page 16)

"He kept you pretty short of money, didn't he?"

"I didn't care about the money. It never brought me anything but trouble."

"And how did you propose to make this get-away?" asked Gaskett offensively.

"I was going in a—taxi," said Persicha. "It was coming for me at one o'clock. But it—didn't come."

"Firkin," said Gaskett, "call up the garage. See if she ordered a taxi for one o'clock."

"It wasn't coming from the Pinetree Garage," said Persicha quickly.

"Oh," said Gaskett. "So you had an accomplice, did you?"

I was startled at her vehemence: "He wasn't an accomplice! You can't say that! It isn't true!" She added, more quietly: "Anybody can't have an accomplice without doing something."

"I charge you," said Gaskett, "with intent to shoot Mr. Hull last night in his room, and to escape afterwards with this accomplice. The nurse's arrival spoiled your plans. You had to make other arrangements."

"No," said Persicha. "No. No. No."

"When did you take the gun?" said Gaskett.

And my whole inside turned clean over.

"Saturday," said Persicha.

"And where is it now? What did you do with it after you used it?"

"I didn't use it. I took it so that no one else would."

"Who?"

"I didn't know. That was why I took it. It put it in my bottom drawer under my nightgowns. I thought it would be safer."

"I'll get it," shouted Cardigan, and bounded out of the room.

He did not find the gun, of course. But by the time he got back, things were happening so fast that I, for one, hardly noticed.

"What I can't make out," Gaskett was saying, "is why you waited till three o'clock to take the key to the garage, when you say you expected to use it at one."

"I didn't expect to use it at all," said Persicha steadily. "The taxi-man was going to stop in the drive and wink his lights. I thought I could climb over the wall if he helped me. But he—didn't come. I stood by the window and—watched all night. At three o'clock I realized that after awhile it would be light. I didn't dare to go down across the lawn after the light came. But I couldn't climb the wall alone. Then I thought if I had a key to the garage, I could break the glass out of the door and go that way. I guessed where the key would be, and I went in and got it."

"Why all that?" interrupted Gaskett. "Why didn't you take the key to the front gate and done with it?"

"It squeaks," said Persicha simply. "Terribly. Homer kept it that way on purpose."

She continued: "I went out one of the French windows onto the terrace. When I got to the garage I found the glass already broken. I put in my hand and undid the padlock. I could hear Crystal and Shakespeare snoring. I found that Shakespeare had forgotten to put up the bars of the double doors, so that was easy. I stepped out into the drive."

"'Scuse me, ma'am, Miss Persicha," Shakespeare mumbled. "Ah ain' f'git to put up no ba's. Ah wouldn't sleep dere an' de ba's not up, not fo' no money. Crystal she ri' dere wid me an' seed me put up dem ba's, ain' yo', Crystal?"

"Dat right," said Crystal.

"You're good at going through doors when they're locked," Gaskett said drily to Persicha.

"They weren't locked," Persicha repeated. "But it doesn't matter, does it? I could have unlocked them."

"The bars were up this morning," Dan'l said. "If Shakespeare put them up, and I found them up, it looks as if you must be—mistaken."

"I put them up myself," said Persicha. "When I came back in. The taxi-man didn't come, and all of a sudden I was frightened, because I thought I heard somebody moving. I ran back, and put up the bars and snapped on the padlock, so that nobody could follow. I ran all the way to my room. I stood by the window again, watching. I was there when Mr. Cardigan came."

Meter was upset by Persicha's ordeal; I could see that. It made me feel kindly toward him. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his face.

"But if you really stood at the window all that time," Dan'l was saying, "then you would have seen Mr. Hull and Miss Potts and Mr. Meter, and everything that happened on the terrace and the lawn."

"Yes," said Persicha. "I saw all that."

"Why didn't you say so, then?"

"I didn't think I needed to," said Persicha. "Miss Potts and Mr. Meter told it all right, the way it happened. I couldn't add anything to what they said."

"But don't you see," said Dan'l, not unkindly, "that if you had added even one authentic detail, before you heard it mentioned, that you would have established an alibi?"

"Should I?" said Persicha. "I didn't think of that. I guess I didn't realize I was going to need an alibi."

"You realize it now, don't you?"

"Yes," said Persicha, "I realize it now."

"Then perhaps you can still add something to their story. Some small detail that they have overlooked, but which they could confirm."

"No," said Persicha slowly, "I don't believe I can."

"Maybe you can tell me this, then," Dan'l persevered. "Did you see Mr. Hull moving about at any time?"

"I know he moved, if that's what you mean," said Persicha. "But I couldn't say just when. I did see him jump up when the fire alarm blew. I remember that. And I know he moved afterwards, because at first his knees were up and later they were down. But I don't remember seeing him change them."

"You couldn't say whether he changed position quite soon after the fire alarm blew, or some time afterwards?"

"No. It seemed like a long time. But the time always seems long when you're waiting."

"Did you hear a shot?"

"No."

"Or a door slamming?"

"Not that I remember."

"And could you see—now think carefully—could you see the top of the wall from which Hull was killed?"

"I suppose I could. Part of it, anyway. Yes, I must have been able to see the place."

"And you didn't see anybody moving about there?"

"No. But then, I wasn't looking for that. You understand how it was: I saw what was going on in a general way, but I didn't pay close attention. I was watching the drive for the taxi."

It didn't look just good, I admit. If it had been anyone but Persicha, I expect I should have said she was trying to make it appear she was somewhere that she wasn't. But I couldn't for the life of me believe that those small hands, folded so aching-quiet in her lap, had held the gun which shot Homer Hull.

CHAPTER VI.

Timothy Mullen.

RIGHT after that was when it happened. There was a rumpus outside, and the deputy who had been posted behind the house came in, bringing a man with him. He was one of those unremarkable nice-looking young men that America is full of, well-scrubbed and sun-browned, with tow hair and blue eyes and good teeth. There was a bloody rag tied round his head.

Cardigan bounded in behind him and said: "It wasn't there." Then he saw the newcomer and shouted: "Who's that?"

"Name of Timothy Mullen. So he says." The deputy wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, relishing his capture. "He was hanging round the alley. He started to beat it when he saw me. So I brought him in."

Persicha rose up when the young man appeared. There wasn't any thought behind her motion, only instinct. She didn't walk across that room. It didn't seem as if she even ran. It was as if she went on wings, holding out her hands.

She flung herself into his arms, and buried her face in his shoulder. She said one word. "Tim!"

That was all. But somehow, the way she said it told me more than a speech. Just for an instant I saw the two of them in a three-room-and-kitchenette apartment, with chintz at the windows and candles on the table, and Persicha in pink cotton singing while she broiled the steak for Tim's supper.

Then the picture was gone. But it left me with a sense of Persicha, stripped of the trappings of wealth, of the gay, wise-cracking youth that surrounded her: a simple, healthy, normal girl, falling quite simply and normally in love with an undistinguished young man named Timothy Mullen.

Then the moment was over. Persicha swung about, and she and Timothy stood facing Gaskett, hand-in-hand like two children. And Gaskett was saying:

"So that's your accomplice. So that's the man that helped you with your shooting?"

"I didn't," said Persicha through white lips. "He didn't, either."

"What are you talking about?" said Timothy Mullen.

"About murder," said Gaskett.

"Homer has been shot," said Persicha. And if she wasn't honest, she was smart.

"What were you doing in the alley?" Dan'l asked.

Timothy Mullen looked at Persicha and hesitated; but when he spoke, it was forthrightly. "I came for Persicha. We were going away together and be married."

"Persicha!" said Lamar.

And Kessing said: "Don't women beat the devil?"

But there was such a funny look on Meter's face that, for the minute, I couldn't see anything else. More relief than anger or chagrin.

"Timothy!" said Persicha. "What happened to your head?"

"Hit with a brick," said Timothy.

Dan'l got up quietly and went out. And I knew that he had gone to look at the top of that brick wall from which he said Homer Hull had been shot. It gave me a sickish feeling.

Timothy Mullen told his story, sitting beside Persicha on the white davenport, holding hands quite openly. His manner was dazed and rather puzzled. If it was a pose, it was a good one. But when I looked at Persicha I knew what terror was.

Persicha had been frightened before; now she was terrified. Under the gold tan her pallor gave her face a slightly yellow look, like old ivory; and the skin of it pulled tight, like a face that has been lifted. It made the small hard bones stand out under the pinched flesh, so that the eye-sockets looked deep, and in their shadow the eyes were two unplumbed pools of dread. For Persicha knew how the story was coming out.

"I left Highgate in plenty of time," Timothy said. "Persicha told me that the house was usually quiet by one, and I planned to get here then. I was going to stop in the drive below the garage and wink my lights, and Persicha was coming out. I thought if I climbed up on the wall I could give her a hand over, and there wouldn't be all the fuss about a ladder."

He hesitated, feeling out the words. "Maybe you'll think it's queer," he said finally, "our doing it like that. But the last time I came here—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hull—I didn't feel welcome. There were other plans for Persicha. Better plans, I guess. But you see—we loved each other."

Persicha looked up at him, and the saddest smile I ever saw turned her mouth—and left her frightened eyes untouched. Timothy was more and more involved, and there wasn't a thing she could do. "It got so," he was saying, "Persicha couldn't stand it any longer."

"Stand what?" said Gaskett.

"Well, you see," said Timothy, "it looked to Persicha as if something was going to happen to Mr. Hull. We thought maybe we ought to take him away. But we didn't know how to go about it. My roommate at college is a lawyer in Barre—Gavin Thorne. We thought we'd talk it over with him, and perhaps he could help us. Naturally, after that, Persicha couldn't come back here. So we decided to be married now, instead of waiting till I get my raise the first of January."

He added, slowly: "I wouldn't have dared to have her stay here anyhow."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know, exactly," Timothy admitted. "Only—well, murder is funny. Once people get to being murdered, you never know who'll be murdered next."

A little coolness prickled along my backbone. But Kessing laughed and said: "Don't you murder me, my boy, or I'll murder you just to get even." And the moment passed. I'd have done well to pay it more mind. But all the moments went by so fast, being so full of things, that you didn't hardly have time to think. And already Gaskett was going on.

"Of course it didn't occur to you," he was saying sarcastically, "that when Mr. Hull was dead, Miss Hull would be a very rich woman?"

"No," said Timothy Mullen. And added resentfully: "Don't think I couldn't support her myself. I get fifty a week now."

Gaskett snorted, and Kessing laughed. Meter bit his lip. "It wasn't such a bad idea at that," Gaskett admitted. "You kill Hull and light out for Barre. With any luck, by the time the body was discovered, you would have laid your fears for Hull's safety before a disinterested third party. It might have worked. Well—go ahead; tell us what went wrong."

"I was about ten miles this side of Knight's Mole," Timothy Mullen said, "when I came up with a man, walking. He looked young and fagged out, and when he hailed me I stopped and took him in. His mother was sick in Florida, he told me, and he'd

(Continued on Page 18)

Envy the savage? Yes!

This ancient savage had to work hard to get a fire — and his cookery wasn't expert. But his rough, primitive fare exercised his teeth — kept them strong and healthy. We moderns eat soft, civilized foods — our teeth get too little healthful exercise.

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH SOUNDER, WHITER. You find yourself chewing more vigorously because of Dentyne's specially firm consistency. Mouth and teeth get wholesome exercise, salivary glands are stimulated, promoting natural self-cleansing. Dentyne's a proved aid to stronger, whiter teeth! **THE FLAVOR'S A JOY!** Spicy, smooth-tasting, delicious! You'll welcome Dentyne for its flavor alone — and you'll find the Dentyne package specially convenient to carry in pocket or purse (its smartly flat shape is an exclusive Dentyne feature.)

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE 5¢

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

I Don't Take Mental Cases by Ruth Burr Sanborn

(Continued from Page 17)

started out hitch-hiking from Philadelphia. At first he had pretty good luck, but that day he had to walk about all the time. He acted done-up. We rode along quite a ways, talking."

"What did you talk about?"

"Nothing special. Brands of cigarettes, and makes of cars, and things. After awhile he began to slump down, and I thought he was going to sleep. He sagged over toward me, and I held him with my shoulder. Of course, now, I can see that was just getting ready. When he was all fixed he hit me in the back of the head with a brick."

"How do you know it was a brick?" asked Gaskett.

"It felt like a brick," said Timothy, without humor.

Kessing laughed again. Somehow, his laughter was more damaging than Gaskett's skepticism. It made what Timothy said sound foolish and unbelievable.

"And that's all the reasen you can give?" Gaskett asked.

"No," said Timothy, after a moment's thought. "You see, getting hit on the head kind of muddles you up. But it begins to come back to me now how it was. When I came to, the car was stopped and the man was running down the road. The lights were right on him, so for a minute I could see him plain. He'd taken my suitcase with my clothes in it. And he had something in his other hand, and it looked like a brick."

"Yeah?" said Gaskett. "And will you tell me any reason why he should carry a brick away with him?"

"I don't know," said Timothy. "Maybe he thought it would be evidence against him. And maybe he just had it in his hand, so he took it along without thinking."

"Maybe," said Gaskett. "And maybe, you're so good at remembering things afterwards, you can tell me where he got the brick. Or do you always carry a brick in your car for hitch-hikers to hit you with?"

"No," said Timothy literally. "But I can tell you where it must have come from. I didn't think to mention it before. But when he got in, he had a paper parcel in his hand. After awhile he said it was his sweater and he guessed he'd put it on, it was cooler riding. He opened it up and took out the sweater. The brick must have been in there, too."

"Yeah!" said Gaskett. "Well, all right, go ahead. Tell us what you did when you came to and saw the man running away with the brick."

"I reached for my gun," said Timothy, "and got out on the step."

"Oh, you had a gun, did you?"

"Yes. I always kept it in the car. I fired one shot after him in the air. I thought that would stop him. But he turned off the road and went into the woods. I was too dizzy to follow, and I sat down on the running-board."

"And I suppose you can explain why he took the brick and the suitcase and left the gun?"

"I expect he didn't find it. There's a kind of pocket at the top of the windshield and I kept it there. It isn't a place you'd think of looking, if you were in a hurry."

"Why didn't he put you in the ditch and take the car?"

"Maybe he didn't want it," said Timothy. "Maybe he thought it would be easy to trace him with a stolen car."

"Yeah," said Gaskett. "So what did you do then?"

"I passed out again," said Timothy shamefacedly. "When I came to the next time, I was lying along the step with my head on the fender, and there was blood in the back of my neck. I didn't know how long it was, because the man took my watch. And my money. But I knew it must have been a long time, because it was beginning to get light."

"And you have the nerve to sit there and tell me that you lay unconscious for hours beside your car, on a main-traveled road, and nobody stopped?"

"I wasn't on a main-traveled road," said Timothy. "I took the short cut below Knight's Mole. It comes out just above here. I guess I forgot to mention that."

"That's one of the things you forgot," Gaskett agreed. "Now tell me this. Doesn't it strike you funny that a hitch-hiker should be going to Florida on the back road between Knight's Mole and Pinetree?"

"You know," said Timothy downrightly, "I don't believe now he was going to Florida at all."

"Don't you really!" said Gaskett. "Well! What did you do next?"

"I tied up my head, and then I got back in the car and drove along. I knew Persicha would be worried. But I didn't have even a nickel to telephone. At first, everything looked thin and faraway, and the car went crooked because I couldn't seem to judge distances. But after awhile my head cleared and I got along better. It was long after daybreak, though, when I reached here. I didn't know how it would be about meeting Persicha then. So I left my car in Sycamore Drive and walked over through the woods; it's only a few steps that way, though it's half a mile by the road. When I got here I saw a man hanging round"—he indicated the deputy—"so I started back. And then he ran out and caught me."

"So that's your story?" said Gaskett drily. "Not bad, either, being extemporaneous. Now I'll tell you what really happened. Correct me if I miss anything."

Timothy Mullen didn't speak, and Gaskett began. "You and Miss Hull wanted to get married, and you didn't have anything between you. So it seemed like a good time for her to inherit something. She took the gun from Mrs. Hull's room last Saturday, so to have it ready, and you were coming in the night and she was going to let you in. You figured that with Mr. Hull's room off there in the wing over the game-room, and his windows shut the way he kept them, there wouldn't anybody hear the shot. Right afterwards you'd light out for your legal friend in Barre and fix up an alibi. Mrs. Hull's fingerprints would be on the gun, and you'd both handle it careful, and when it was found on the scene of the crime there wouldn't be much argument about her doing it."

Timothy just stared at him out of round blue eyes. But Persicha cried tensely: "Lamar, it isn't so!"

Gaskett paid no attention. "When the nurse came," he went on, "it gummed your game. So Miss Hull took her mother's key and went out in the alley to head you off. You talked it over, and it looked like the best you could do would be to wait and see if Mr. Hull came out in the yard, the way he did sometimes, and shoot him from outside the wall. That way, it wouldn't be so hot to use Mrs. Hull's gun, because she might be able to prove she hadn't been out. So you used your own, instead. Miss Hull couldn't go away with you, either, because everybody would know the time of death, and it would look bad, her disappearing; you wouldn't have a chance to get to Barre and see your legal friend. So she decided to brazen it out here. She came in, and brought her mother's gun along and hid it till she had a chance to put it back. If she'd had the wit to go to bed and act like she was asleep, maybe she could have got away with it. But no, she had to stand at her window and watch you shoot Mr. Hull, and that way Cardigan caught her."

"You've got no right to talk like that about Perischa," said Timothy Mullen heavily.

"Sure enough," pursued Gaskett, "Mr. Hull came out. You climbed up in a tree and shot him. Everything would have been fine if you hadn't slipped in your excitement and hit your head on the brick wall. That's why you said brick, without stopping to think; it was a bad break. The blow knocked you out cold. If anybody had been bright enough to go right out when Mr. Hull's death was discovered, we'd have had you. But I wasn't here, then. When you came to, you went back to your car and left your gun and tied up your head where it was bleeding. But, like Miss Hull here, you couldn't let well-enough alone; you had to come snooping back to see how things were going. So my man got you, too."

Dan'l Firkin came in, before anyone could speak. He laid Mullen's gun on the table. It had been fired once. He said slowly: "There's a big dogwood that grows close to the wall. Right beside it there's a place on the bricks that has been scrubbed."

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1937, by American Weekly, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

CHILDREN EVERYWHERE DESERVE PROTECTION AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS

JOIN the President in Founding the New National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Your dollars will help stamp out this dread disease.

Committee for the Celebration of the President's Birthday
KEITH MORGAN, Chairman
50 EAST 42nd STREET NEW YORK

January 29, 1938

From Pickpocket to Princess

(Continued from Page 3)

Rothschild, who used to send cases of rare wines to her apartment on the Boulevard Lannes, instead of posies.

If Mlle. Cotillon made by her conquests quite a "respectable" capital, she was deprived of some of it by a set of blackmailers, who stuck to her like a piece of wet paper pressed against a windowpane. In fact, they lived in comfort from what she gave them.

A scamp named Hobard filched a 300,000-franc bracelet of hers, while Andree went to law against one of her lovers, Peretti, claiming he had not only pawned many of her gems to erect a house of gaming and gallantry in Algiers, but had thrown her naked out into an Algiers street one night after beating her black and blue. She told the Court that she had decided to run down from Paris and see how Peretti was getting along with the place. Being also his sweetheart, she decided to make the visit a delightful surprise.

She dressed herself in her most fetching nightie and walked into his apartments unannounced. Unfortunately, Peretti had taken on a local sweetheart, who was with him at the moment, and neither of them appreciated the surprise. Both attacked the intruder so savagely that she was lucky to escape naked into the cold, dark, winter street. As a covering she had so many black and blue spots as to make her look like a tattooed woman.

The authorities were sorry about the beating but thought that no woman should enter a gentleman's room unannounced. Also since Peretti was her financial partner and had already lost all the money, they could not do anything about that either.

She once sued M. Faillant, Commander of the Legion of Honor, for alleged appropriation of some of her property. A former friend, Massari, who specialized in forging Italian passports, turned to blackmailing her when she tried to go after bigger game in Paris, threatening to tell about her Nevers exploits. To get rid of Massari, she offered Detective Bonny 40,000 francs to destroy her rogues' gallery pictures. Bonny demanded twice the price, and when she would not pay, printed the pictures in the "Tribune de Paris." La Cotillon promptly brought charges of blackmail against the detective, but all that happened was a fine of 500 francs imposed on him for divulging police secrets.

Undiscouraged, she opened up a bar and delicatessen store in Montmartre. From the ruins of the bankruptcy she stepped to the dais of Princess Elisabeth de Bourbon!

One thing is certain: Mlle. Cotillon has not disgraced her illustrious relatives. She is worthy of her princely parent, the embezzler; of Louis de Bourbon, banned from France for immoral conduct; of Edgar de Bourbon, impostor and dead-beat, slain by his mistress in a Paris hotel; of Fernando de Bourbon, condemned at Melun for passing bad checks; of Jose Maria de Bourbon, assassin of his wife, Duchess of Seville; of Alfonso de Bourbon, convicted of spying in Italy; and of the crazy Bourbon Prince referred to in Count Maurepas' memoirs.

The last-mentioned aristocrat imagined himself to be a hare, and would suffer no bell to be rung in his palace lest the noise should scare him in the woods; another time he fancied himself to be a plant, and, as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He sometime afterwards imagined he was dead, and refused all nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion.

This last whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxembourg, and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne. The Prince followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made a hearty meal. While this turn of his disorder prevailed, he always dined in the cellar with some noble ghost.

It is remarkable that this strange fantasy did not incapacitate him for business, especially where his immediate interests were concerned. Mental derangement is, doubtless, produced, in a great measure, from deep study, or from an artificial mode of living, and a want of proper air and exercise. One seldom hears of ploughmen or industrious artisans falling into a diseased state of the imagination and considering themselves hares, vegetables, plants or disembodied spirits.

The Call of the Pack

A True-to-Life Story by Ion L. Idriess

MAN and beast glared threateningly into one another's eyes. Yet hardly a man. Midway between the two. For his tribe, who carry on the riddle of existence in the Bad Lands which fringe the western coast of Cape York Peninsula, are still in the Stone Age. Their greatest contribution to science is the jagged piece of quartz with which they operate on the young buck when initiating him into warriorhood, and the sharp splinters of quartzite which form the wicked barbs of their war spears. Their simple cooking utensils are of bark, their weapons of wood made hard by slow roasting in the fire.

Now Murooroo, initiated warrior of the tribe, with a broken leg and one arm crushed beneath a boulder, lay pinned in the dry gully-bed and glared back at cold, yellow eyes which stared into his.

Three dainty birds with fan-shaped, blue tail-feathers twittered busily in a honeysuckle bush, a black snake slithered gracefully over a grass tuft, insects hummed in the flower-scented air, and all the warm life of the great Australian Bush went serenely on.

Murooroo did not waste time in reviling his unskillfulness in stepping on the finely-poised boulder which had overbalanced and crashed with him to the gully bottom. His brain was not developed for such detailed thoughts. But it could reason the chances between life and death.

Could the dingo kill him? Could he kill the dingo? His hunting-spears had fallen beyond his reach. He could use one leg and one arm. Was the dingo too cunning to come within reach so that he could suddenly sling leg or arm around it and sink his teeth deep into its hairy throat?

For a long, long hour the dingo glared at the black man. Through its baleful eyes its brain slowly calculated all the strength, all the weakness of the savage black pinned beneath the stone. Then, lifting its prick-eared head, it sniffed the air's message long and carefully. Satisfied, it edged a little closer to the black man, dropped on its belly, laid sharp head upon outstretched forepaws, and—waited.

The hours slipped by. Over all was the afternoon silence of the bush, with a drongo calling far away. But intense listening could distinguish many things. The scratch on bark as a goanna clawed up a tree, the "thump! thump! thump!" of a passing wallaby among the bushes on the bank above, the hum of insects, the murmuring of countless leaves. Presently, soft black shadows enveloped the gully, a cooling breath came in the air.

Murooroo's gleaming eyes stared hard at the dingo's gaunt flanks. The gully shadowed into darkness and silence.

A light shone suddenly from the wild man's eyes. A pleasant, unfamiliar thrill ran through his body as from the birth of thought came slow understanding; and from understanding, hope.

The dingo's flanks were lean and hollow. The ribs stood out hard and taut, almost like those of a dead thing. It was famished. But now it had made certain of its meal, it only had to wait. It would not call the pack now as the night wore on, for that would mean that it must fight for a small share of the meal.

If the crippled man could only keep it off him until dawn—until his friends came.

The dingo dragged on its belly a little closer. The black man bared gleaming teeth while a low, half-fearful, half-triumphant rumble came from deep down in his throat.

Far back in the gloom of the stunted timber a mongrel was loping over the earth, its nose to the ground, following tracks. Now and again it stopped short, the bristles from its mangy, scar-striped back rising stiffly erect, fangs gleaming in a noiseless snarl, its red-rimmed, burning eyes piercing the darkness ahead, to right and left, and behind.

To the gully-bank from where the rock had fallen the mongrel crawled upon its belly, head pressed to the ground, flaming eyes searching the blackness below. As it saw the back of the crouching dingo a shiver of fear raised the bristles on its neck and along the knobby backbone.

The dingo had crawled in a narrowing semi-circle around the black man. Its instinct told it that the almost helpless savage would live long. But now the night was here, the man-thing's friends had not come, hunger gnawed fiercely at the dingo's lean flanks. The provoking odor of the meal so near, stirred its vitals.

Murooroo, twisting his neck as the beast crawled past him, knew it was getting on the boulder side, behind his head, where he could not use his good leg, where his good arm would be of the least possible use, and where he could not keep his eyes fixed upon its instant movement. One quick spring, one clash of teeth across his throat, and he was done. Reaching behind him he clawed a hole in the earth and lowered his head into it. This stretched back his neck. But he laid his claw-like hands across his throat and snarled defiance into the eyes of the dingo. Again he tingled with that strange, exultant feeling. Inch by inch the dingo crawled nearer and nearer. While down the creek bank fifty feet behind it now crawled the mongrel, maneuvering every inch as the dingo moved its body, quivering with the fear it dared not whimper.

For two hours the blazing eyes looked into the twisted eyes of the black man. For two hours the dingo had not moved. The mongrel, crouching close behind, drew in noiseless breath for the spring, as it sensed the stiffening of the dingo's tail, the tautening tendons of the hind-legs drawn in well under the bunching body.

The mongrel sprang a quarter-breath before the dingo, its fangs snapped at the dingo's back as both animals crashed on Murooroo's head. The surprised dingo leaped aside and vanished as if on wings of lightning.

The black man threw his arm around his hunting-dog and mouthed it and cried its name again and again. It licked his face and whimpered.

From the high bank the dingo looked back over its shoulder, then stopped, sharp nose in the air. To its twitching nostrils came no other scent of man or beast; only the crooning black man below with the mongrel shivering across his chest. For long the dingo watched, motionless. Then it sat slowly on its haunches, lifted its head to the starlit skies and howled. A long-drawn, mournful howl that swept many miles over the silent land to echo in distant rock-walled gorges, a melancholy howl that floated far over the low hills and down the scrubby creeks out onto the great open plains.

Murooroo, closing his eyes, lay back against the cold earth and shuddered.

It was the call of the pack.

Frills for the Feast

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHILE trying to finish her gifts and holiday shopping on the one hand, the home-maker is busy planning her menus for the big day, less than a week away, as well as unusual meals for the long holiday season. Not only Christmas Day itself, but the entire Christmas week-end will be one of gayety, entertainment, and special festivities. How needful, then, that both pantry and larder as well as refrigerator, are loaded brimful of delicious foods, and special goodies.

What shall be the first course of any important holiday meal? A fruit cup or a fruit cocktail are excellent choices, and here are several suggested recipes:

Cranberry Cocktail: 4 cups cranberries, 1 cup sugar, 6 cups water, ⅓ cup lemon juice, ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon or clove. Wash and pick berries, and put through food-chopper. Add water, sugar, and cinnamon, and boil 3 minutes. Strain, add lemon juice, and chill. Serve in cocktail glasses, well-chilled. Makes about 1½ quarts juice.

Christmas Avocado Fruit Cup: Use ripe avocado, and cut in half, removing large seed. Use French "ball" cutter, and with it shape small balls of fruit, including the outer dark green rind on some balls. Combine with red Maraschino cherries or the avocado balls colored red with food coloring. Heap in stemmed fruit cup, dusting lightly with powdered sugar. Serve very chill.

While a mold of cranberry jelly is still tops to serve as accompaniment to all turkey and other roast meats, it is often a pleasing change to serve a small glass or paper cup full of a tangy sherbet at the same time the meat course is served. A simple sherbet is made as follows:

Cranberry Sherbet: 4 cups cranberries, 3 cups boiling water, 2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatin or 1 tablespoon corn syrup, ½ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon or orange juice, 2 teaspoons bitters, if available. Wash and pick berries, add boiling water, and cook until skins pop. Sieve, add sugar, and heat again until sugar is melted. Add gelatin soaked in cold water, (or corn syrup), and cool. Add fruit juice and bitters. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until mushy, stirring once during the process. Remove, pack into paper cups, and return to freeze harder. Serve in outer green or red paper cup on small plate.

Cider freeze is another refreshing sherbet to use with any roast fowl, or particularly with a crown roast of pork, also an excellent holiday dinner, since it slices deliciously when cold. Here is the cider recipe:

Cider Apple Cup Crush: 2 tablespoons gelatin soaked in ¼ cup cold water; 2 cups well-seasoned apple sauce, 2 cups sweet cider, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and grains salt. Soften soaked gelatin over hot water, and add to applesauce, cider, lemon juice and salt, mixing thoroughly. Pour into freezing tray and freeze to a mush. Have small red apples scooped out, and fill cider crush into them. Fasten sprig of holly to each apple, and bring in with the roast meat course.

While candied sweets are so familiar as to need scarcely a mention, there is a little trick about making the syrup which every housewife may not know. It is this: Instead of scattering the brown sugar over the sliced potatoes as they lie in a baking dish, and then dotting with butter, blend the sugar, butter and cinnamon used in a small saucepan, and stir to blend well. Make the mixture (adding some water) the consistency of a thin syrup. Use a small pastry brush, and brush this seasoned syrup on the potatoes layer-after-layer. This will make a more even dish, with more perfect flavor than if the sugar is sprinkled and the butter separately dotted.

There have appeared on these pages many suggestions for making stuffings and new types of stuffings, but in case some readers have missed such articles, it is worth noting the following facts on making stuffings for poultry, roast meats and fish:

1 cup dressing is a good allowance for 1 pound of bird or meat.

1 cup ½-inch bread cubes loosely packed is equivalent to 1 ounce.

1 loaf of bread loses approximately ⅓ its purchased weight when the crusts and the two end slices are discarded.

It is better to have too much dressing than not enough. Remainder may be placed in greased shallow casserole, and baked.

A good dressing has a pleasing, moist quality, it should be well seasoned, yet somewhat bland. Stale bread (about 2 days old) is most preferable. All ingredients should be finely minced. There never should be uneven chunks of material in any dressing. Eggs and fat add to richness of dressing and make most pleasing textures. Butter is the most delicate flavor for dressings.

Standard Bread Stuffing: 1½ pounds stale loaf bread, ½ to 1 pound softened butter, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon white pepper, ¼ cup finely-minced onions. Remove crusts, cut bread into 1-inch cubes, and drop into large mixing bowl. Add softened butter cut into small bits. Toss all ingredients together, using 2 forks and also hands. Variations:

Add 2 cups finely-chopped raw celery.

Add ½ pound mushrooms, chopped and cooked 5 minutes in butter.

Add 1 cup coarsely-chopped ripe olives.

Add 1 pint chopped raw oysters.

Add ½ to 1 pound sausage, broken into small bits.

Add 2 cups walnuts or other nuts, chopped, and browned lightly in butter.

If the pudding is queen of the feast, then surely all pudding sauces are important. Even if the pudding be bought, in canned form, it still needs a freshly-made delicious sauce. Here are reminders on how to make a few familiar sauces for desserts:

Hard Sauce: ¼ cup butter, ¾ cup confectioner's sugar, 2 tablespoons sherry. Cream butter and sugar together, continuing process until a white and creamy sauce is obtained. Add flavoring gradually, heap on a serving dish, and chill. Garnish with red cinnamon drop candies and strips of green angelica, to simulate holly berries.

Pineapple Cream Sauce: ⅔ cup sweetened condensed milk, ¼ teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup drained crushed pineapple. Thoroughly blend sweetened condensed milk, lemon juice and grated lemon rind. Stir until mixture thickens. Add pineapple. Serve on cottage, sponge and other cake puddings.

Golden Marshmallow Sauce: 1 cup brown sugar, 1¼ cups boiling water, 1 cup fresh marshmallows, ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Add sugar to boiling water and cook until the very soft ball stage is reached, 230 degrees. Have mallows ready and quartered, and on them pour the boiling syrup in a steady stream, beating steadily. Flavor with vanilla, and serve immediately. Makes 4 cups thick sauce. Excellent on chocolate steamed pudding, custards, etc.

Orange Glaze Sauce: ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cornstarch, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1 cup orange juice. Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt. Stir in orange juice which has been heated to boiling. Cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens, about 5 to 8 minutes. Yields 1 cup sauce.

Still another holiday salad combines tuna fish with red cherries and cream cheese balls. Arrange this salad in a large bowl lined with lettuce or green chicory leaves. Use best grade tuna, and break carefully into separate "leaves," after pouring hot water over it to remove oil. Marinate with French dressing, to which a speck of dry mustard has been added. Drain a can of sour red cherries and make a ring of them around the bowl. Make small balls of cream cheese mashed and combined with mayonnaise. Pass additional mayonnaise or cream dressing, to which a suspicion of horseradish is added. Hot refrigerator rolls are nice with this, and, of course, a big pot or electric percolator, of coffee. Let the guests help themselves, just as they feel like it.

The holidays are one long cake walk, and every hostess will have at least one large cake to offer as needed with plenty of small cookies and drop cakes on the side. Here is an unusual large cake, made exotic with the spice of ginger:

Ginger Torte: Cream 1 cup shortening with 1 cup sugar until very light and fluffy. Add 1 cup golden corn syrup, and beat in thoroughly. Sift 3½ cups cake flour with ¾ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon freshly-grated nutmeg, and 1 tablespoon ground ginger. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with ½ cup cream. Beat until smooth. Separate 4 eggs, and beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Fold them lightly into the egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Fold this combined egg mixture into the batter most carefully. Pour into a greased spring-mold cake pan lined with greased paper. Bake about 1 hour and 15 minutes in a moderate-slow oven, or at about 300 degrees. Cool. Frost lightly with water icing.

Popular, after returning from "dining out" at noon, is the home buffet supper.

One of the nicest main foods for such occasions is a spiced baked ham, which can be baked several days in advance and then sliced in part.

Holiday Spiced Baked Ham: One 10-pound baking ham; juice 3 lemons, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup brown sugar, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon curry powder, ⅛ teaspoon paprika, 3 tablespoons minced parsley, 1 minced green pepper; soak ham or not, depending on its type. Simmer long enough to cook it tender, but not to fall apart. Drain, remove to roasting pan, after removing outside rind and waste. Mix sauce ingredients thoroughly, and spread over ham. Roast slowly, constantly basting with sauce, adding a little water if necessary. Leave ham in roasting pan until just before serving.

ROUGH SKIN

Don't be discouraged! Make up your mind to try and have the clear, fresh skin you admire in others! Thousands have found the secret in Cuticura treatments. So simple, too! The Soap soothes and cleanses—the Ointment relieves and helps to heal. You'll marvel at the difference Cuticura makes.

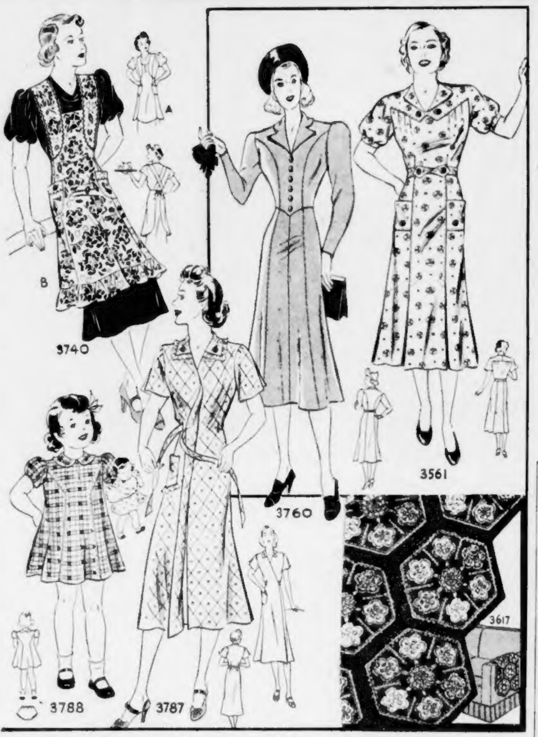
Buy Cuticura at your druggist's. Soap 25¢. Ointment 25¢. FREE sample of each on request. Write "Cuticura," Dept. 46, Malden, Mass.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY *(Christmas)*	SUNDAY
Breakfast Sliced Oranges, Cereal, French Toast, Apple Marmalade, Milk or Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Squash Baked with Brazil Nuts, Cabbage Salad, Cornbread, Fudge Squares, Tea. ***Dinner*** Emergency Fruit Cup, Sausage Baked in Potatoes, String-Beans, Broccoli Salad, Orange Salad with Onion French Dressing, Rennet Custard with Crumbled Maple Sugar.	***Breakfast*** Pineapple, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Vegetable Soup, Corn Sticks, Apple Trifle, Home-Made Cookies, Tea. ***Dinner*** Salmon Loaf with Pickle Sauce, Boiled Potatoes, Green Peas with Diced Carrots, Lettuce Salad with Lemon Dressing, Delicious Raisin Pie.	***Breakfast*** Canned Berry Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Muffins or Rolls, Coffee Substitute. ***Luncheon*** Fish Chowder, Pilot Crackers, Waldorf Salad, Coffee. ***Dinner*** Beef Balls in Casserole with Vegetables or Swiss Steak with Vegetables, Stuffed Prunes in Lemon Jelly, Cream or Custard Sauce, Cookies.	***Breakfast*** Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Frizzled Drief Beef, Muffins, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Asparagus on Toast with Welsh Rarebit Sauce, Grated Carrot Salad, Swedish Bread, Leaning Tower Cakes, Tea. ***Dinner*** Baked Beef Liver with French-Fried Onions, Browned Potatoes, Baked Beets with Lemon, Shredded Raw Cabbage and Celery Salad, Apple Pickles, Steamed Graham Pudding with Raisin Sauce.	***Breakfast*** Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Applesauce, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Canned Fish and Celery Salad, Delicious Dressing, Lemon Pinwheels, Baked Peach Surprise. ***Supper (For Young People's Trimming Tree Spread)*** Baked Stuffed Weiners, Baked Potatoes, Ice-Box Rolls, Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing, Doughnuts or Jumbles, Cocoa.	***Breakfast*** Prunes, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toast, Milk or Coffee. ***Dinner*** Oyster Bisque, Roast Turkey with Dressing, Giblet Gravy, Potatoes, Brussels Sprouts, Broccoli, Cranberry Jelly, Celery Curls, Christmas Pudding, Sunshine Sauce, Coffee. ***Supper (Company)*** Oysters in Patty Cases, Cranberry Jelly, Fried Sweet Potato Chips, Green Bouquet Salad, Christmas Dressing, Baby Gherkins, Cake, Coffee Substitute.	***Breakfast*** Grapes, Cereal, Cream, Eggs Coddled in Tomato Juice, Toast, Half Cups Coffee. ***Dinner*** Star Canapes, Cold Turkey, Scalloped Oysters, Fresh Green Peas, Ice-Box Rolls, Steamed Apples, Ambrosia Cake, Half Cups Coffee. ***Supper*** Cinnamon Toast, Milk (Sweet or Butter-milk).

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3740—HOUSEKEEPING IS A LOT OF FUN WHEN YOU OWN SUCH A PRACTICAL PAIR OF APRONS AS THESE—ONE FRILL-TRIMMED, ONE PLAIN. BOTH MADE FROM ONE PATTERN. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size, view A, requires 1⅜ yards 36-inch fabric; B, 2⅛ yards 36-inch fabric and 4½ yards ric-rac braid.

Pattern 3760—HERE'S AN UNUSUAL FROCK FOR MISS OR MATRON—ONE THAT'S FLATTERING, TOO—WITH SEMI-PRINCESS LINES AND BRIGHT BUTTONS! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3561—SO YOUTHFUL—SO SLIMMING—IS THIS CHEERY WASH FROCK, THAT YOU'LL WANT TO MAKE SEVERAL VERSIONS. NOTE THE COMFORTABLE YOKE-SLEEVES. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3788—MAKE THIS FETCHING KIDDIE-FROCK OF A BRIGHT WOOL OR COTTON PLAID, AND THEN ADD A PAIR OF MATCHING PANTIES! Designed for children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3787—WHERE IS THE BUSY HOME-MAKER WHO WON'T APPRECIATE THIS JIFFY-DON WRAP-AROUND THAT'S SO EASY TO MAKE! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch fabric and 1¼ yards ruffling.

Pattern 3617—ADD GAY MEDALLION TO MEDALLION AND SEE HOW FAST THIS COLORFUL CROCHETED AFGHAN GROWS! IT'S GRAND FOR WOOL SCRAPS. Pattern 3617 contains complete directions for making the afghan shown; an illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15c EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Cookies and Candies

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

SOMEONE has said that little cakes, cookies and home-made candies are for those informal holiday moments when guests drop in on us. And what an interesting variety of guests do we have during the Christmas holidays! Friends coming in for tea, a group of high school boys and girls foraging for "a bite" after their own more formal affairs, small, grimy young persons trudging in after strenuous holiday exercises, old friends coming in for a moment just to remind us that friendship is our most priceless possession (the French have a proverb which says that friendship is the only thing in the world that does not grow ugly with age), and our families coming in after the activities that crowd upon us at this season.

By a little pre-holiday planning, one can have a wide and tempting variety of attractive and delicious little things for such informal serving. They may be simple and inexpensive, they may be elaborate and inexpensive or they may be a combination with just a perfect bit of Christmas decoration. One can have a big batch of them made in half an hour. If more decorative things are desired for more formal serving, all one's artistic skill can be shown in the shaping and decorating of the delicious and lovely tidbits. It doesn't take much time or money to develop a grand long repertoire of them.

The secret of success lies in the pre-holiday planning. Assemble your recipes and materials. Then, on the first inclement day or evening, have a gala session by yourself in your own kitchen. Pack your treasures away neatly. Repeat this two or three times, and you will be amazed at the lovely assortment of things you can serve when the right moment comes. Good luck, and Merry Christmas to all those who try this experiment.

Rolled English Wafers.

CREAM ¼ cup butter, add ½ cup powdered sugar and beat until smooth. Gradually add ¼ cup milk and blend well. Add ⅞ cup sifted flour and ⅓ teaspoon vanilla. Spread very thin on a buttered inverted dripping pan. Crease in 3 or 4-inch squares and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, until delicately browned. Cut squares apart with a sharp knife and roll, while warm, in cornucopia or tubular shape. If cookies get too hard to roll, place in oven for a moment to soften.

Poinsettia Wafers, Christmas Trees, Holly Leaves, etc.

CREAM 1 cup butter, add 2 cups sifted sugar and beat until smooth. Add the grated rind and juice of 1 lemon and 4 well-beaten egg yolks. Add enough sifted flour to make a dough that can be kneaded. Knead and chill. Roll, a little at a time, and when very thin cut into poinsettias or any desired shapes. Brush with slightly-beaten egg white, decorate with sliced angelica, candied cherries, "hundreds and thousands," sliced citron, tiny silver candies, etc., as desired. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until delicately colored.

Brown Sugar Nut Cookies.

BEAT 2 egg yolks until thick. Add 1 cup brown sugar and blend well. Add 1 cup broken nutmeats, 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites and 6 tablespoons flour sifted with a few grains salt. Drop from tip of spoon onto buttered baking sheet, spread and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

Cocoanut Cream Cookies

BEAT 2 eggs until light, add 1 cup sifted sugar gradually, and then add ½ cup grated cocoanut, 1 cup thick cream and 3 cups flour sifted with 3 teaspoons baking-powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Chill thoroughly, turn out on a lightly-floured board, pat and roll ½-inch thick. Sprinkle with cocoanut and roll ¼-inch thick. Shape with a small cutter, first dipped in flour. Bake on a buttered baking sheet in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

Date Cookies.

MIX ½ pound finely-chopped stoned dates, ½ cup water and ¼ cup sugar and boil for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add ¼ cup broken walnut meats. Cool. Cream ½ cup butter, add ½ cup brown sugar and ½ cup white sugar and blend well. Add 1 well-beaten egg. Add 2 cups flour sifted with ½ teaspoon soda and ¼ teaspoon salt. Turn out on floured board and roll ¼-inch thick. Spread the dough with the cold date mixture. Roll up like a jelly-roll and wrap in waxed paper. Place in refrigerator for several hours, or overnight. Slice and bake on a well-greased baking sheet for about 12 minutes, at about 400 degrees.

Gingersnap Animals.

BOIL 1 cup molasses or honey with 1 cup butter and 1 cup brown sugar for 6 minutes after boiling begins. Let stand until lukewarm, add the grated rind of 1 orange, 1 well-beaten egg, and 1 cup flour sifted with 1 tablespoon yellow ginger, a few grains salt and 1 teaspoon soda. Mix well and add sufficient sifted flour to make a dough that can be rolled. Cut out and bake one cookie. If the cookie runs or loses its shape while baking, add 1 tablespoon water and mix well. A little more flour may be needed. Shape with small animal cutters. Bake on greased baking sheets in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until delicately browned.

Christmas Stars, Bells, Etc.

CREAM 1 cup butter, add 1 cup sifted white or brown sugar and 1 cup light molasses, corn syrup or honey, and beat until smooth and creamy. If brown sugar is used, it should be firmly packed into cup after sifting. Mix and sift 6 cups flour with 1 teaspoon salt and, if desired, 1 teaspoon mace. Add to first mixture and mix thoroughly. Add 2 teaspoons soda dissolved in 4 tablespoons hot water. Mix well. Chill in refrigerator. Roll, a small piece at a time, on a lightly-floured board. When as thin as can be handled easily, shape with fancy cutter, decorate as desired, place on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, about 7 minutes. Remove from pan immediately.

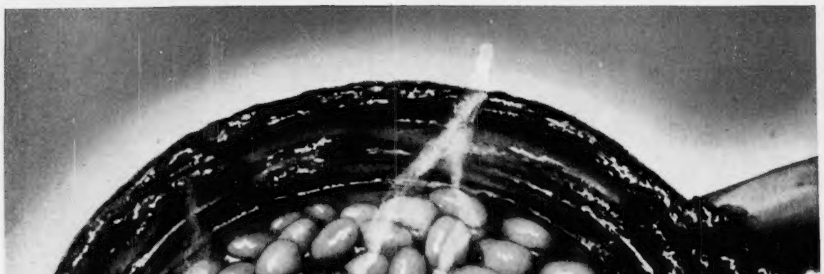
Up to 2½ times as much of these pain-relieving ingredients in Baume "Ben-Gay" as in 5 widely offered rub-ins

MUSCLES stiff as a board? Sore and painful—due to work, exercise or exposure? Then just massage in a generous amount of "Ben-Gay" where it hurts most. You'll quickly feel amazing relief because: 1. Tests of "Ben-Gay" and 5 widely offered rub-ins show "Ben-Gay" contains up to 2½ times more *methyl salicylate* and *menthol*—active pain-relieving agents. 2. Dr. Bengué's original formula, still used in "Ben-Gay," assures prolonged contact of these pain-relieving agents with the place where you hurt. 3. Formula carefully balanced to obtain maximum relief. Remember "Ben-Gay" has been the stand-by of millions for over 40 years. Widely imitated, so protect yourself by looking for Dr. Bengué's signature on the package to be sure you're getting the genuine Baume "Ben-Gay"!

Keep "Ben-Gay" handy, too, for headaches, backaches, rheumatic and neuralgic pains, and colds. Its soothing warmth brings quick relief.

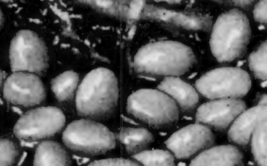
BAUME "Ben-Gay" ACTS FAST WHERE YOU HURT

We took a Bean Poll –
HERE ARE THE NATION'S FAVORITES!



REFERENDUM AND RECALL. Refer almost any man to his boyhood, and he'll recall, with fond nostalgia, his mother's baked beans . . . A tree-lined lane at dusk. Hurrying footsteps, homeward bound. The pungent aroma of other people's dinners a-cooking, spurring him to his own front gate. A quick hurdle of the white fence, the flood of yellow kerosene light as the kitchen door swung open. And the fragrance—tantalizing, mouth-watering, overpowering—of the bean pot being drawn from the oven! Those days are gone forever, you say? Nonsense! Heat the contents of a tin of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans (the type *your* mother cooked) in the family bean pot. See how *exactly* Heinz cooks have duplicated the flavor that colors your memories of youth! You'll think that you're a boy again!

COLONIAL DAMES established the custom of the Saturday night bean supper, a delightful tradition that is right now undergoing a spirited revival—thanks to Heinz. For Heinz cooks have made it possible for everyone to enjoy the true flavor of *real* Boston-style, oven-baked beans without any of the tedious labor it cost our Puritan forbears!



WHERE MEN ARE MEN and "beans" mean red kidney beans, the Heinz-made kind are prime favorites! Some like them "straight"—just as they come from the blue-labelied tin, rich and mealy and drenched in their own sweet sauce. Others declare that as a base for chile, Heinz Oven-baked Kidney Beans are incomparable. And so they are!

SPECIAL FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS—Peel 6 large Bermuda onions, scoop out centers. Simmer ½ cup chopped onions in 3 tablespoons butter. Add 1 medium can Heinz Beans (Vegetarian Style), ½ cup Heinz Ketchup, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, ½ cup bread crumbs. Fill onions with this mixture, add water, cover and bake 1 hour, or until tender.

①

WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND PORK
Westerners are most partial to Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with pork and a racy sauce made from the famous vine-ripened "aristocrat" tomatoes! What a dish for a hungry man—or woman!

②

BOSTON-STYLE
Here's New England's choice—tender, mealy beans, oven-baked by Heinz, flavored with generous slices of bacon pork and drenched with a rich sauce of molasses and rare spices!

③

VEGETARIAN STYLE
With one voice, vegetarians acclaim the succulence of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce—a masterful blend of fine flavors, skillfully baked to taste-tingling perfection!

④

RED KIDNEY BEANS
Most popular in the Southwest are Heinz Oven-Baked Red Kidney Beans with Pork. These tender, toothsome nuggets are prepared with a delicately seasoned sweet sugar sauce all their own.

All Oven Baked
BY HEINZ!

Heinz 57
OVEN-BAKED BEANS

ROCK-BOUND New England, the sunny South, golden California and the wide-open spaces of the West—we polled them all. "How do you like your beans?" we asked. Here's what we learned: The four kinds of beans that Heinz makes are America's overwhelming favorites!

HOW THEY VOTED

Boston-style, with pork and molasses gets the call in New England. First choice along Buffalo Bill's cowboy-and-injun frontier is tomato sauced beans with pork. Down in Texas red kidney beans score by a landslide. And the vast armies of America's vegetarians vote solidly for beans with a rich, ruddy sauce of tasty tomatoes, without pork!

BEAN-LOVERS' CHOICE

In every section of the country, folks who really *know* beans insist that none can compare with the kind oven-baked by Heinz. For here are the true flavors of real "home" cooking! Heinz beans are actually baked in hot, dry ovens, until each mealy golden nugget is ready to burst with goodness! That's the old-fashioned way—the real homemade way—*the Heinz way!* And once you've tasted beans as cooked by Heinz, you'll agree that it's the *right* way! Why don't you lay in a supply of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans now, and enjoy the rich savor of these favorite American foods at their mouth-watering best!

IT'S CHEAPER TO PAY MORE FOR SOMETHING BETTER